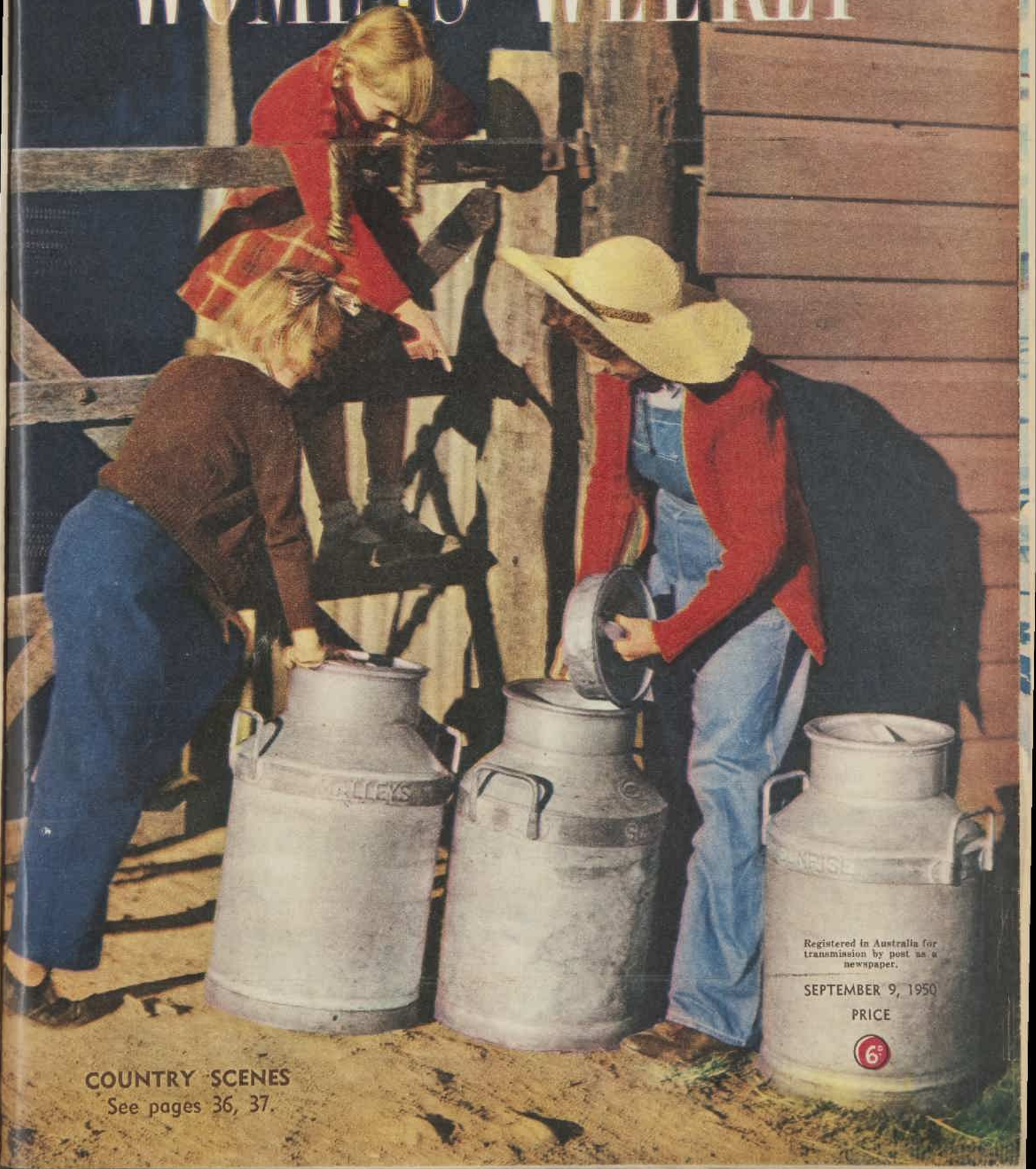


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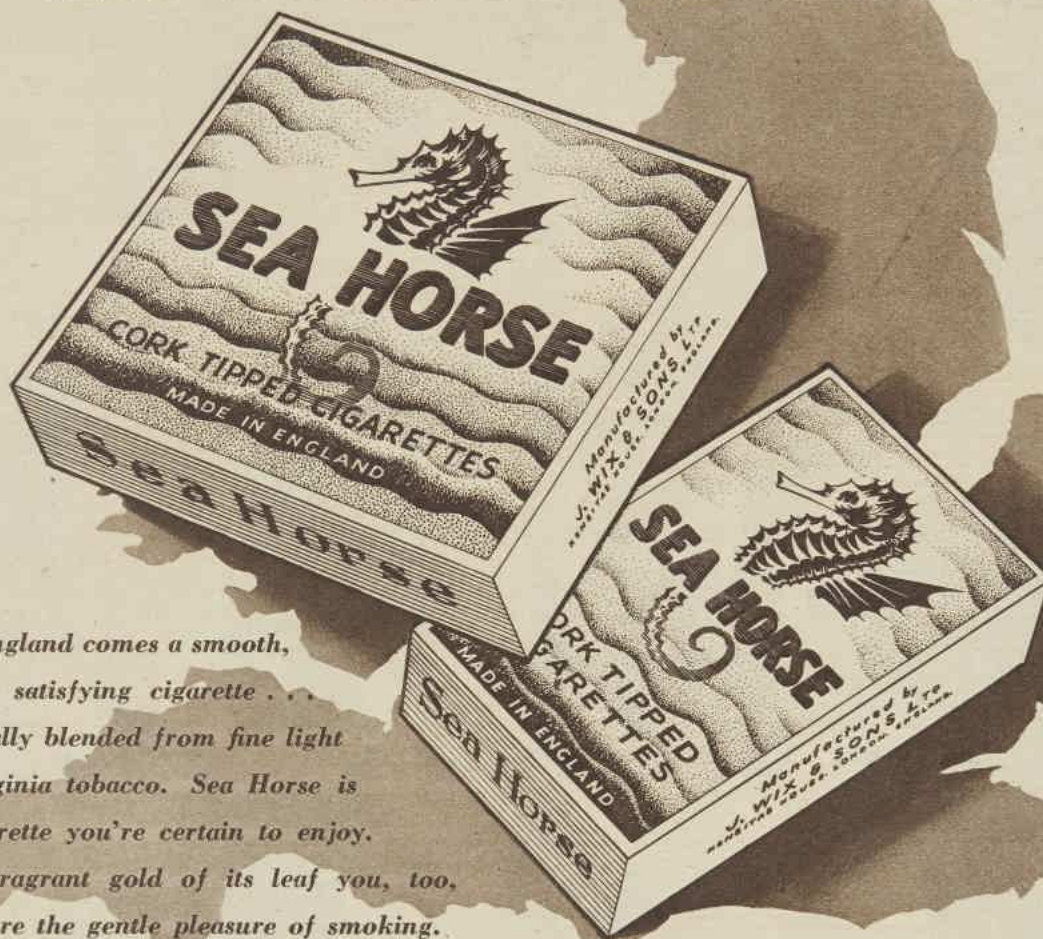
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Romance played no part
in his campaign to get a
wife in six weeks.

WHO GETS TRAPPED

By VIRGINIA LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

ANNE cast an inquiring eye over one of the paintings in the annual outdoor exhibition. One white-shingled wall of the historic town hall, the trunks of trees along the street, and easels scattered over the pavement were blossoming with strange and colorful designs. The trend was towards the ultra-surrealistic. Anne studied the painting a minute and to her own surprise erupted in a laugh.

"Just a lover of art, I see," commented a masculine voice beside her. She turned around to see a tall, well-built young man whose arms were clamped sternly across his chest and whose reddish-brown eyebrows were drawn down in a scowl. A horrible suspicion seized her.

"I suppose you're the artist," she said in a little voice.

The reddish-brown eyebrows jumped. "Hardly." He frowned and nodded at the painting. "What do you make of it?"

Anne considered again as she tilted her head. "Well, that greenish blob might be a face, but on the other hand it might not. As far as I can see those swishing red lines could symbolise anything from fire to a lobster on a plate. All in all, if my five-year-old niece wanted to cut the whole thing up to make a paper hat, I'd say she was putting it to pretty good use."

"You have absolutely flawless critical judgment," he said with conviction, and turned his attention from the picture to her.

Although she managed not to squirm, Anne thought that if she had known she was to undergo such a penetrating inspection she would have tried to appear a little more impressive. As it was she was wearing coral-red shorts and an open-necked white shirt. Her hair was held only approximately in place by a red ribbon, since she had bicycled into the village from the small harbor cottage she had rented for her three weeks' vacation.

"Did you come to see the pictures," she said simply, "or . . . ?"

"Both." He was entirely unabashed. "My immediate objective is to look at the paintings. My over-all aim is to find a wife."

"Oh, I see." "By the way, you just passed the first test," he informed her cheerfully. "You didn't act coy or provocative when I mentioned I was looking for a wife."

"Well, that's alarming. However, I feel confident that I'll flunk the second. In fact, I won't be around to take it." She stalked off towards another picture.

"What do you make of this one?" he asked over her shoulder.

"It's—uh, pretty abstract but I get a feeling of color and life. Oh, aren't they beautiful!" she exclaimed with sudden fervor.

"What?" "The trees. Look at them." The elm branches overhead stirred in an exquisite pattern of motion.

"You just passed another test," he said in a tone of mild surprise. "You're a nature lover. You'd have to be to live on top of a mountain."

Anne turned and fixed him with a stern annihilating stare. What she saw was disarmingly agreeable. His expression was genial and his direct blue eyes were electrically clear.

"Tell me if you're in love," he said amiably. "I only have six weeks so I don't want to waste my time."

"Six weeks to choose a wife! Apparently love has nothing to do with it."

"Love." For a moment she thought the blue eyes looked a little wistful. "I used to think a bit about love," he acknowledged. "I

always pictured my wife as the moonbeam type."

His tone changed. "But I'm a practical fellow. Look at it my way," he said seriously. "I'm a mining engineer home from Chile for a vacation. I'd like to get married and settle down. That means I'd better choose a wife now, because I won't be back again for a couple of years. And I'd be a fool to choose one who wouldn't stand up to the rigors of life in a mining camp. By the way, I'm Stephen Hartley."

"You must be Joe and Norma Patterson's cousin. Norma told me you were coming. I'm Anne Bradburn."

"Good. You can see that I can't afford a silly, spoiled wife," he said earnestly. "I need one with a lot of good substantial qualities. For one thing she has to get along with people. That means she has to be understanding and tolerant. And she has to have resources of her own. We don't run around the corner to night-clubs and theatres in the Andes. And she has to be good-natured. There's no place for temperament nine thousand feet up."

"Nine thousand feet! You want a girl's cardiograph, not a list of her virtues!"

"I'll admit you have to have a good heart. How's yours?" he grinned.

"Intact," she snapped. "But suppose you don't love the girl?"

"If she fills the bill, I'll make it my business to get fond of her."

"If you could patent that, you'd have something."

"Don't be sarcastic," he said agreeably. "Two points off for sarcasm."

"That's reassuring. For a minute I had the harrowing feeling I might be passing the test." Anne began to boil.

"Careful," he warned. "It's a little surprising but I've already found a couple of candidates."

"Will you have them draw lots or run a foot race?"

"Take the one who appeals to me most."

"Just out-and-out romantic!"

"Look," he said, "I have to push along now but I like you. You're cute and you're intelligent. Suppose I come around to-morrow

Anne felt like diving overboard but decided against it, and hoped she would not get a bite.

afternoon and take you swimming. I'd take you to dinner to-night but . . ."

"Another candidate?"

"I met her first."

Anne wiggled her eyebrows wildly. "Naturally I expect to wait my turn."

"Maybe I can get used to your sarcasm," he said affably.

All the way back to the cottage on her bicycle Anne seethed. The salt breeze was bracing, the glimpses of open sea were diverting to city eyes, but she was aware of nothing but her indignation at Stephen Hartley. It was not only his revoltingly practical approach to marriage that infuriated her, it was also his calm assumption that she might really be a candidate for his test. It was also his brazen assurance that any girl he chose would swoon gratefully into his arms.

Please turn to page 4



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OBVIOUSLY Stephen Hartley had a severe lesson coming to him, and it occurred to Anne that very possibly fate had elected her to administer it.

Although she was not the moon-beam type, she had her qualifications. Among them were the light clean skin of a grey-eyed brunette and a slimly modelled figure. After giving due consideration to these and to the enormity of Mr. Hartley's offence, she determined to set him back on his heels.

When Stephen Hartley jumped off his bicycle at her gate the next afternoon, she was standing in the doorway in a fetching aqua bathing suit. As he came up the gravel path, the sun shining on his reddish-brown hair, his stride free and easy, he looked so boyishly appealing that her heart threatened to melt. Then he opened his mouth.

"You look prettier than you did yesterday. Or else I'm getting used to you."

"If we walk across to the point," she said with steady sweetness, "there's a nice beach."

"How's your cooking?" he queried as they walked along. "We have native cooks, of course, but they don't know how to cook good, plain food unless they're taught."

"Oh, I love to cook!" she cried, with every evidence of rapture. "The only trouble is—" she looked a little guilty—"I like it too much. I want to cook all the time. Apple pie—"

He grinned, taking her arm. "Let me tell you more about Chile. You'd love it. The sunsets lift you right off the earth. When the stars come out they're flaming crystal. We have a nice golf course and movies twice a week, and every so often there's a dance at the club. I like cherry beat."

"Pie?" Anne said nimbly. "Oh, yes. You take sour cherries and soak them in lots of sugar . . . Here's the water, shall we swim?"

They swam out through the gently breaking rollers. The sun was shining benignly, the air was zealous, the water perfect. Anne was sorry she couldn't enjoy herself. Stephen swam happily and boisterously, pausing at intervals to cross-examine her as to her education, antecedents, and tastes.

"I have a mother and father, and two brothers and two sisters," she told him. "I hope you don't mind."

"That's great. My own parents died when I was five and I was brought up by my great-aunt. Most of the time I was in boarding-school. I never had any close family at all."

Anne was just starting to tell him how sorry she was when she noticed his expression. He was floating placidly on his back. His face wore the most complacent self-satisfied look she had ever seen.

"I'm a good swimmer," she pointed out a little tartly.

"We don't have water in the Andes."

"Oh, excuse me while I drown."

"Don't be unco-operative. How about going to the yacht-club dinner with me to-night?"

Anne dressed for dinner with all the concentration of a scientist conducting an earth-shaking experiment. She wore a pale pink egyptian gown and pinned two matching roses in her hair. This time Stephen made no comment on her appearance, presumably being even more accustomed to it, but she felt that he was convinced she would be a credit to him in the Andes.

Instead he said, "Do you like music? I have a lot of records. Classical and modern."

"I love music."

"Good."

He danced well and Anne thought that he was easily the most attractive man in the room. As the evening wore on the tunes became more and more romantic and the stars glittered beyond the open doors. Stephen led her out on the porch. The moon was hanging just over the

She Who Gets Trapped

Continued from page 3

railing and the music was crooning amorously.

"I'd kiss you," he told her politely, "only I don't want to confuse the issue. If ever I needed a clear head it's now."

Two days later, after playing tennis and bicycling with her, taking her to the movies and to dinner again, he invited her to go fishing.

Although Anne cordially disliked fishing, her campaign obviously demanded some sacrifices. She decided that, since it was impossible to combine a delicate skin, a strong sun, and glamor, she would try to keep her skin intact.

Accordingly, she donned a pair of red slacks, and an old blouse that fastened high around her neck. This left her arms bare, but she planned to sit with them bunched under the shade of her big red sun-hat. She plastered her arms and face with a thick greasy cream that refused to dry sufficiently to allow her any make-up but lipstick, and that smeared unpleasantly around the edges. The picture in the mirror was not one on which she cared to dwell.

Stephen had borrowed a boat. The sun was warm, the boat rocked, the bait smelled. A hideous little wave of seasickness flowed through her. Eventually he dropped anchor and baited lines for them both. Anne prayed to be spared the torment of catching a fish.

Stephen lighted a pipe. For a minute she considered diving overboard, but this would have been

"Horse sense is what keeps horses from betting on what people will do."

—Anonymous

altogether too easy for Mr. Stephen Hartley. She felt a sickening tug on her line, which she ignored until Stephen noticed and she was forced to haul the fish into the boat. It flopped dully across her feet. With a weak squeal she yanked her feet away.

"A nice one," he said heartily. "Good work, Annie." He contemplated her for a few minutes with straight, clear eyes, then he leaned forward and patted her briskly on the arm. "You know, as far as I'm concerned, you're in."

At first Anne thought he meant she might be eligible for some kind of fishing honor, then she realised that he was proposing. The cream dripped off her face. The boat rose and fell. Her heart howled in protest.

"You've put the others right out of the picture. You're intelligent and attractive. We get along and our backgrounds and interests are almost alike. Well?" He smiled ingratiatingly. "What do you say?"

"A girl needs a manager at a time like this," she gasped faintly.

"Sarcasm," he said cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, I think it would be a good deal for you. There are limitations to mining-camp life, of course, but you're well balanced enough to find the compensations, too. And I'd be a considerate husband. You don't have to worry about that. Wait a minute—I think I have a bite."

There was an intermission of several minutes, during which he landed the fish. "Now there's a real beauty," he said with all the emotion a girl might reasonably expect to have addressed to her during the course of a proposal.

Mentally, Anne picked up the fish and hurled it at him. It relieved her a little.

"We don't have fishing in the Andes," he said. "I hope it isn't your favorite sport."

"I can do without it," she muttered.

"Good. Then it's settled." And he whistled while he rebaited his hook.

The engagement lasted two weeks. Anne decided it would take that long to build him up to a sufficiently shattering letdown. It would also leave him four weeks in which to choose another girl, and at the rate he worked he ought to be able to flush a whole covey of candidates in that time.

Stephen turned out to be a pleasant and thoughtful fiancé. He kissed her whenever the occasion demanded, competently and agreeably, with the air of one sealing an honest bargain. He suggested that he handle her passport negotiations so she wouldn't have to bother.

In short, he seemed to think that he was offering her everything.

His smugness reached new intolerable heights. Anne had to concentrate hard on the fall that was coming to him in order to contain herself at all. When they saw a young couple who were glowing in love and she sighed with pleasure, he explained that it was a state of foolishness. The climax came at a yacht club dance. Much to Stephen's annoyance, a man with lank hair and a nasal voice paid marked attention to Anne.

"I'm sorry," she apologised. "I guess he's fallen for me a little."

Stephen looked surprised, then complacent. "Well, I think you're better off with me, Anne. The fellow doesn't look very bright."

That was the end. So she invited Stephen to his first home-cooked dinner at her cottage the following evening. The next afternoon she suggested a walk through the village, having privately charted its course, even to an explanatory visit to an acquaintance who ran an expensive gift shop.

"Look, Stephen, how darling!" she cried, standing before the shop window and pointing at a bright red plaster object whose shape suggested a prehistoric animal and whose purpose was beyond her further imaginings.

"That?" he said doubtfully.

"Oh, I'll simply have to have it!"

It was absurdly dear, but Anne declared enthusiastically that it was cheap for anything she wanted so much. Her eyes roved hastily round the shop and lighted on a small box of a particularly useless nature. "But how utterly fascinating!" she gushed. "Isn't this fun, Stephen! I'm just in the mood to shop to-day." The box was still more expensive.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Maybe nothing." She shrugged blithely. "I have tons of stuff like this. I'm always broke. I just can't resist things."

Stephen sat down gloomily on the edge of a counter.

Anne foraged around, cooing and gushing. She felt madly in love with a pair of wooden candlesticks three feet tall, the work of a painfully elaborate artist, and the old soup tureen was so hideous she felt compelled to adore it too.

"Have you any idea of how much money you're spending?" he asked in a guarded tone.

"Oh, lots and lots. But I'll write a cheque when I finish. If I write a cheque it never seems as if I'm spending money at all."

An hour or so later, when they walked out of the shop, Stephen was reduced to silence and perspiration.

"How about tea?" she asked brightly. "I'm starved."

They found a pleasant teashop, and, after they were settled comfortably and had ordered, Anne said, "You know I don't believe I want tea after all."

"But you said . . ."

"I know, but I changed my mind. It might spoil our dinner. Come on, Stephen."

Please turn to page 10



Under the Malay girl's directions, the women set to work planting the rice.

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

PART FIVE OF A
TEN-PART SERIAL

By NEVIL SHUTE

JEAN PAGET, sole heir of wealthy Douglas Macfadden, amazes her solicitor, elderly NOEL STRACHAN, by saying that she wants to go to Malaya to build a well. Explaining this, she is back in the war years, living again her experiences...

She is one of a party of women and children captured by the Japanese, then set to wander from place to place, because there is no prison camp for them.

They suffer intense hardship and privations, and there are numerous deaths among them. Later they fall in with two Australian prisoners of war, JOE HARMAN and BEN LEGGATT. But when Joe steals fowls for them the Japanese crucify him.

Finally, through Jean, who speaks Malay, the women ask MAT AMIN, the headman of one of the villages, to allow them to stay there and work for their keep in the rice fields.

Now read on:—

DURING that evening after the hour of prayer, the women saw a gathering of men squatting with the headman in front of his house. Then Mat Amin came and asked for Mem Paget.

"We have discussed this matter that we talked about," he said. "It is a strange thing that white mems should work in our rice fields, and some of my brothers are afraid that the white Tuans will not understand when they come back, and that they will be angry saying we have made you work for us against your will."

Jean said, "We will give you a letter now, that you can show them if they should say that."

He shook his head. "It is not necessary. It is sufficient if you tell the Tuans when they come back that this thing was done because you wished it so."

She said, "That we will do."

They went to work next day. There were six married women in the party at that time, and Jean,

and ten children including little Robin. The headman took them out to the fields with two Malay girls, Fatimah binti Darus and Raihana binti Hassan, to show them what to do.

He gave them seven small fields covered in weeds to start upon, an area that was easily within their power to manage. There was a roofed platform nearby in the fields for resting in the shade. They left the youngest children here and went to work.

The seven women were all fairly robust; the journey had eliminated the ones who would have been unable to stand agricultural work. Those who were left were women of determination and grit, with high morale and a good sense of humor.

As soon as they became accustomed to the novelty of working

ankle deep in mud and water they did not find the work exacting, and presently as they became accustomed to it they were seized with an ambition to show the village that white mems could do as much work as Malay women, or more.

Paddy is grown in little fields surrounded by a low wall of earth, so that water from a stream can be led into the field at will to turn it into a shallow pool. When the water is let out again the earth bottom is soft mud, and weeds can be pulled out by hand and the ground hoed and prepared for the seedlings.

The seedlings are raised by scattering the rice in a similar nursery field, and they are then transplanted in rows into the muddy field. The field is then flooded again for a few days while the seedlings stand with their heads above the water in the hot sun, and the water is let out again for a few days to let the sun get to the roots.

With alternating flood and dry in that hot climate the plants grow very quickly to about the height of wheat, with leathery ears of rice on top of the stalks. The rice is harvested by cutting off the ears with a little knife leaving the straw standing, and is taken in sacks to the village to be winnowed.

Water buffaloes are then turned in to eat the straw and fertilise the ground and tramp it all about, and the ground is ready for sowing again to repeat the cycle. Two crops a year are normally got from the rice fields, and there is no rotation of crops.

Working in these fields is not unpleasant when you get accustomed to it. There are worse things to do in a very hot country than to put on a large conical sun hat of plaited palm leaves and take off most of your clothes, and play about with mud and water, damming and diverting little trickling streams.

By the end of the fortnight the women had settled down to it and quite liked the work, and all the children loved it from the first. No Japanese came near the village in that time.

On the sixteenth day Jean started out with the headman, Mat Amin, to go and look for the Japanese; they carried the sergeant's rifle and equipment, and his uniform, and his paybook. There was a place called Kuala Rakit twenty-seven miles away where a Japanese detachment was stationed, and they went there.

Please turn to page 22

ILLUSTRATED
BY
KEITH DALGLEISH



The Sergeant had no use for cats, but when Miss Shrewsbury lost six he decided it was time to tolerate at least one.

Miss Strawberry and the Sergeant

By WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROD

EVERYBODY said how sad it was about Miss Shrewsbury, because she was a lady but destitute. "No lady has any business being destitute," Mr. Rees had once observed, crossly. "It creates an embarrassment for all who know her." She was a little, small-boned, delicate woman with wide-spaced black eyes and a lean aristocratic nose; her face was hardly lined at all, though she would never see fifty again.

Her naturally pink coloring had led some irreverent wit in the French Legation to nickname her *Mlle Fraise*—Miss Strawberry. The name stuck, it was so ludicrously apt. She was strawberry decorated by the two black seeds of wide-spaced eyes.

Nobody ever had quite the bad taste to use the name to her face, of course. Even if she was forced to work for a living, she was undoubtedly a lady, though some thought she behaved rather more grandly than her condition warranted.

"Her salary barely pays her rent," people said, "and yet she lives as though she were a dowager duchess."

This was an absurd exaggeration, but it contained a measure of truth. Miss Shrewsbury kept seven cats—an unwarrantable extravagance, when you considered the cost of milk these days. Sometimes the Bishop came to call, parking his sedan at the bottom of Miss Shrewsbury's stony hillside, climbing aloft to her flimsy box of a bungalow with its always breath-taking view of the great blue West Indian bay.

On such occasions she mixed with particular care an expensive brandy cocktail; and sometimes—though not as often as the gossips believed—there were canapés of American caviar.

If it happened that the night was windless and touched with the melancholy of far stars, Miss Shrewsbury might insist that the Bishop (or some other guest) stay on for dinner. That was more expensive. She would sit too rigidly in her chair and say brittle things about world affairs or the novels of Henry James; or she would tell some whimsical anecdote about her cats.

"Cats," she would sometimes say, "are so very much like people." And, after a pause, with a very faint trill of high laughter, "Don't you think so?"

The Bishop, or any other guest mellowed by brandy and caviar, would usually agree sleepily, for Miss Shrewsbury liked to keep her guests till a late hour.

Then in the morning at the United States Embassy, where Miss Shrewsbury worked as a stenographer, she would be red-eyed and somewhat befuddled.

Mr. Rees, the young First Secretary of Embassy, would shake his head and say to Mr. Pryce, the young Second Secretary of Embassy, "Old Strawberry's just half awake. Been up all night, I suppose, with her cats and caviar and her Bishop. It's awkward. I suppose sooner or later she'll have to be mentioned to the Ambassador. It's time we let her go."

He'd shrug his shoulders a little to indicate that he was really sorry for the old girl, but after all there was the matter of efficiency to consider, wasn't there?

Nobody knew, because nobody but the Bishop knew her well, that Miss Shrewsbury indulged herself in late hours and other little excesses because she was usually lonely and always afraid. The Bishop didn't really know, because he was a very good man and would have been astonished to think that anyone

who had the consolation of religion could be afraid of anything.

But Miss Shrewsbury was afraid. She was afraid of the calendar, which said she was fifty-two years old. She was afraid of the great and anonymous Department of State of the United States of America, which would one day—how soon?—cease to require her services. She was afraid of the street she would have to walk down on that day when the cover would go on her typewriter for the last time and the airless cubicle outside the office of the First Secretary would be forever closed to her.

Other people—the filing and mailing clerks, for instance, and Sergeant Forster, the embassy watchman—read the handwriting on Miss Shrewsbury's wall, and naturally everybody agreed it was a shame she would not be entitled to a pension, because Miss Shrewsbury was, like any Turk or Hottentot, a foreigner.

Miss Shrewsbury was British. For the British there are no United States pensions, as even the Bishop was probably aware.

The Bishop called regularly on Miss Shrewsbury in the tiny, flowered bungalow she rented high above the bay in this sunny republic on the Caribbean rim. A few other people, when they could think of nothing else to do, would say, "Let's run up and see Miss Strawberry and her cats."

But they never stayed long, and the visits were awkwardly formal. Miss Shrewsbury was hospitable but aloof; she knew they didn't really like her and only called out of pity and a sense of duty.

Except for the Bishop, she had only one regular visitor. The embassy's Sergeant Forster called once each week—and he hardly counted because he came only to bring water. The public water supply was not regarded as trustworthy by members of the diplomatic community. On the embassy property was a fine artesian well; and it was one of Sergeant Forster's duties to deliver each week a large drum of water to each member of the staff.

Every Friday evening the Sergeant climbed out of the embassy truck, which was too small for his big frame, and brought her drum of water to Miss Shrewsbury's door. Forster had fought during the first World War, but he still kept his imposing military bearing.

The Sergeant was always uncomfortable in Miss Shrewsbury's presence and awed by her reputation as a lady,

however poor. Like everyone else, he knew a little of her history. He'd heard how her father, an English clergyman of great learning and gentility, had come to the island in retirement to escape the rigors of northern winters; and how, though frail, he had lived to the age of eighty-three, waited on hand and foot by his only daughter.

The old man left no money, and Miss Shrewsbury—twenty-seven at the time of the death—had pocketed her dignity and taken a job as stenographer in the embassy. She had always had it in mind that one day she would return to England, but somehow she'd just stayed on for twenty-five years.

All this Sergeant Forster knew about Miss Shrewsbury and—if he dealt in such terms—he would have called it a very pathetic story. Miss Shrewsbury was uncomfortable with the Sergeant, too, though she couldn't have said why. He always approached her as though he were about to salute; and his wariness was a reminder that men were always rather wary with her.

THE Sergeant was not fond of cats; not that he said so—he simply looked at whichever of her seven happened to be frisking about when he brought the water, and the look said plainly that the Sergeant had no use for cats.

But every Friday Miss Shrewsbury and Sergeant Forster went through a stiff little ritual.

"Good evening, ma'am."

"Good evening, Sergeant Forster."

"I've brought you the water, ma'am."

"Thank you very much, Sergeant."

When the water drum was safely stowed the Sergeant would touch his cap and hurry away.

The crisis for Miss Shrewsbury at the embassy arrived sooner than anyone had expected. Into a note to the Foreign Office she slipped a really grievous error. It went unnoticed by Mr. Rees and by the Ambassador himself and led to painfully strained relations between the United States and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the island republic.

Everything was straightened out, of course, but not without great embarrassment to Mr. Rees and Mr. Pryce, the undersecretaries. They told each other that this error was the last straw and that Miss Shrewsbury would

have to go; they agreed that someone would have to tell her she was fired. What they couldn't agree on was who would do the telling.

When it came right down to cases, neither Mr. Rees nor Mr. Pryce much fancied being the one to tell the old girl that the axe was falling.

But they didn't need to tell her. Miss Shrewsbury knew that her days of employment were numbered. She dragged herself up the hill each afternoon when the embassy closed and sat staring out over the bay. Her work went from bad to worse; her typing errors increased, and her pages were scarred and unattractive. Even her personal appearance lost its old neatness; her hair became actually quite disordered.

She began to neglect her cats. Almost automatically she fed them and caressed them, but sometimes she forgot to close them in their pen at night. They wandered wherever they chose, fascinated by a new liberty. The fiery Valverde family next door may have been right in their spirited assertion that Miss Shrewsbury's cats had snatched up and devoured a Valverde chicken. In any case, it can't be doubted that the cats did roam.

On a night in the very week of the bungled Foreign Office note, Señor Valverde put out poison. He used an old Spanish formula handed down by his grandfather. Cats are very clever about poisoned food, but Miss Shrewsbury's seven were not up to the Valverde formula, and they died horribly at sunrise all over Miss Shrewsbury's verandah.

Mr. Pryce said rather apologetically, "I suppose Miss Strawberry must be sick."

"She might have managed to send us word," Mr. Rees snapped.

"How? I don't think she has a phone."

"Look! Everybody knows Miss Strawberry's on borrowed time, but that doesn't mean she can let us down when we're in a jam. There's Follin's annual economic survey waiting for typing and Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation. Ninety-seven pages, that runs—"

"I'll send Forster up in the truck to see what goes on," Mr. Pryce said.

"Do. Tell him to shake a leg."

The Sergeant drove up the hill to Miss Shrewsbury's. He parked the truck and climbed the path under the flame trees. The gate was open and he went in. It was possible, he thought, that she was still sleeping, or just getting up because of some fault in her alarm clock. He certainly did not want to walk in on some unthinkable morning privacy.

So, as he mounted the dozen tiled steps to the tiled verandah, he called her name. "Miss Shrewsbury!" he called as loud as was consistent with dignity. "It's Sergeant Forster."

Then he saw the cats.

They were dead. Sergeant Forster had, in his sixty-one years, seen enough of death to know that the cats had died violently. Poisoned, he supposed. By whom? Where was Miss Shrewsbury?

He called her name again; and then something, some sound, caused him to turn his head. He saw her in a deep, low chair in the far corner of the verandah, half hidden by the creeping vines. Although he was terribly ill at ease he felt a rush of pity at the sight of Miss Shrewsbury.

She was crouched like an animal, a creature in terror. Her face showed clay-white in the hard light of morning. Her hair was awry and she was crying in wet, helpless sobs.

This was a situation which the Sergeant, a bachelor, had never been called upon to face. His first idea—in fact, his only idea—was to get her a drink. Her cats had died in some ugly way, and naturally she needed a nip to boost her. Against the verandah wall stood a table holding one brown bottle and several glasses. The Sergeant poured a stiff drink and carried it to her.

"Swallow it," he said.

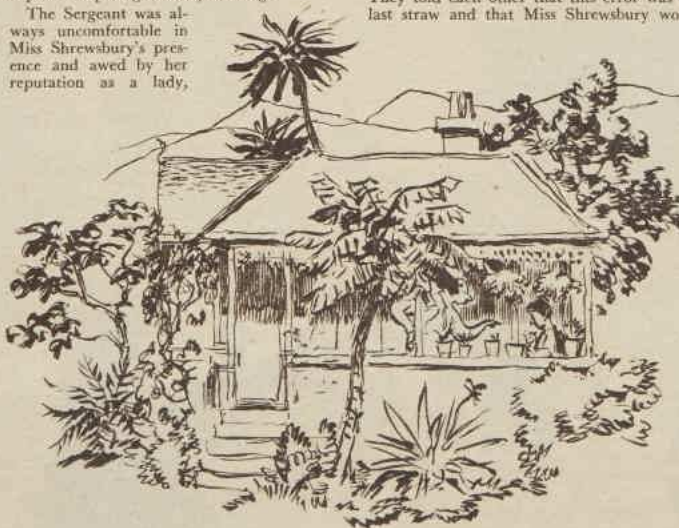
He wasn't sure that she saw him, though she looked at him. But she accepted the glass from his hand, tilted it, and shuddered.

"What happened?" Sergeant Forster asked. "Do you want me to get a doctor or the police?"

She continued to look at him and after a while shook her head. "No," she said.

"What happened to the cats?"

"Somebody poisoned them."



Please turn to page 46



Judy tensed, looking at Mike.
The boys' eyes had turned
to them now.

First Star

By
REBECCA SHALLIT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE car turned down the hill and though it was not, really, a very steep hill, Judy could feel a swoop of unsettlement deep inside her. She could see the church coming into view and above the steeple she could see the evening star. The car swerved and Bob's knee touched hers, by accident; she held herself very tightly, not quite knowing what to do about this chance contact with a boy's knee.

After a moment she glanced at him. His eyes were remote on the road ahead. His hair, that had been slicked down and darkened by the water he must have put on it, was already beginning to ruffle into its usual cowlicks. He was wearing a dark blue suit and a tie that was, somehow, different from the casually knotted things he wore to school.

His hands on the steering wheel were big and deft and very clean. It seemed to her that she had never seen a boy with such clean hands before. But then, she thought carefully, she had never before seen a boy all dressed up for a date.

"Have you ever been to a progressive dinner-party?" Bob asked. His voice didn't sound the way it did in school. His voice was as polite and formal as his slicked hair and terribly clean hands and the subdued cautious pattern of his tie.

"No," Judy said. Her voice was as careful and precise as his. "No, I don't believe I ever have."

"I could have gone last year," he explained, as though this was something he wanted to make very clear to her. She nodded. Every year the seniors gave a progressive dinner-party for the juniors who were on the staff of the high school paper. "Only—well, I just happened not to be in the mood for it last year, or something," he said. "So this will be the first time for me, too."

He looked at her, as though there was something he expected her to say to this. But she couldn't think of anything to say. She moistened her dry lips and glanced surreptitiously at her own image reflected in the car window. If you thought about it, this was the first time a boy had ever seen her all dressed up for a party.

She stared at the faint reflection of that girl in green taffeta with the light brown hair and the medium brown eyes and the hands clenched tightly in her lap. You may surprise yourself and turn into quite a femme fatale one of these days, her mother had said, lightly. But it was hard to tell whether there was almost reluctant conviction behind her mother's teasing or whether it was a way her mother had sometimes of comforting them both with hopeful make-believe.

Her father, of course, was no use whatsoever. Whenever she pirouetted for his

inspection he always said, "Very nice. Very nice indeed." As though he were an impartial judge making an objective observation—and all the while looking at her with that fond, doting look which he firmly believed was his private secret.

Even Midge Anderson wasn't much help. Midge had said, with the candor of a best friend (which is not at all like the loving anxiety of parents): "You're not exactly pretty, Judy. But you do have your moments. Sometimes you seem to get all lighted up inside. I can see where a boy might fall for you." Midge had said slowly and almost reluctantly, "If he saw you like that."

But weighed against that was the fact—the bitter, humiliating fact—that no boy had ever tried to kiss her, no boy had even asked her for a date until to-night. She looked at Bob and she wondered whether it was seeing her all lighted up inside that had made him ask her to this party. She wondered whether he would try.

They passed the square and she looked up at the evening star behind the church steeple and breathed the incantation to herself: Star light, star bright, first star I see to-night—

But when it came to making the wish, she wasn't quite certain just what it was she wanted to happen and her throat began to feel very dry, just thinking about it.

She threw words into the silence. "That—that was a good editorial you wrote for the paper last week. The one about how it feels to be a teenager."

He looked up from the wheel, startled, as though he were wrenching his thoughts away from some inner uncertainty of his own.

"Oh, that?" He sounded almost angry. "It was pretty crummy compared to the one Tony Ballard wrote."

There was nothing she could say, after that. Tony was a senior and he was sure to win the journalism award to-night and they both knew it.

They turned up Grant Avenue, towards Midge Anderson's house. Towards the first course, the first stop on the route she must travel before to-night would be safely over, no longer something to speculate or wish about upon the evening star but something that, for good or bad, had already happened whichever way it was going to. She was glad that Midge's house was the first stop.

Midge descended on them at the doorway with cries of rapture. Midge was blond and lovely and very casual-looking in a print that made Judy's dress far too young and far too dressed-up. Midge pushed Bob gaily towards the living-

room, whirled Judy upstairs to her bedroom.

"Good! You got here early. You look sweet," Midge said. But she gave Judy only the most perfunctory glance and she hurried her away from the mirror before Judy could so much as take out her lipstick.

"I told mother you'd help me serve. Oh, we've simply got to get the evening off to a good start," Midge said. "It's really the start that counts the most, you know."

"Does it?" Judy looked frightened. "Because I think I put my foot in it with Bob. I told him I liked that editorial he wrote and then I realised that of course Tony's—"

But Midge wasn't listening. "Some of the others have arrived early and they're just sitting." There was despair in Midge's voice. "And do you think Tony's doing a thing about it? I could kill him."

Judy saw what Midge meant as soon as they entered the living-room. The Andersons had a big living-room and everything had been fixed up to look like a party, but all the boys were sitting on one side of the room and all the girls on the other and everybody looked stiff and uncomfortable.

Tony was sitting on the edge of a chair and talking to Bob, as though the two of them were alone here. Tony looked fairly comfortable, except for his dark blue suit, because the Anderson living-room was a familiar place to him; but he looked uncomfortable too, maybe because the living-room was so dressed-up to-night and he himself was so dressed-up—and maybe a little because everybody knew he was going to win the journalism award and it was pretty hard not to be self-conscious about a thing like that.

"Look at him," Midge said. Judy had a feeling that in another moment Midge might stamp her foot. Instead she called sweetly: "Oh, Tony, could you come in the kitchen for a moment and help me bring in a tray?" Under her breath she said, "You come, too, Judy. You can help me with the tomato-juice cocktails."

Midge's mother was in the kitchen, sticking celery and radish-roses and olives around a platter. She was wearing her blue crepe and her hair was set tight and her smile was set too. She looked up briefly and then went back to making a pattern of the relishes on the platter, because both Judy and Tony were familiar in this kitchen.

Midge handed Judy the pitcher with the tomato juice and Judy began to fill the glasses. Midge spoke angrily to Tony,

paying no attention to her mother's presence or Judy's.

"Sitting there like a lump on a log," Midge said, and now she really stamped her foot. "Here I was counting on you to help get things started and what have you done? Absolutely nothing. And when they leave they'll say, 'Oh, it was good enough at Midge's but nothing very special, everybody just sat.' And I've worked hard on this party," she added, looking as though in another moment she'd begin to cry.

Tony leaned against the door and grinned. He was big and blond and had a very nice grin. "Okay, Princess. Keep your shirt on."

He grabbed a tray and went waltzing into the living-room holding it at a crazy angle. "Forward pass!"

When Judy and Midge came in with the tomato juice and the little hot sausages on toothpicks, Tony was standing in the middle of the room and everybody was sitting in a row with their mouths wide open and Tony was tossing radishes and olives and things at them and everybody was laughing uproariously.

The room didn't look precise any more. There was an olive on the floor and a piece of something smashed against the wall. But it was still so early in the party that nobody except Tony dared throw anything. Even at that, things might have got out of control if Midge's mother hadn't come in and said: "Now, that's enough."

The queer thing was that it was enough. Just enough to break the ice and not enough to damage the furniture. By the time the latecomers had arrived everybody was laughing and friendly, but with one eye on the clock because everything about a progressive dinner-party was a matter of timing.

Tony looked across at Judy and winked a friendly hello, how're you doing? She smiled shyly at him and wondered how it would feel to be able to count on a boy and get mad at him and act almost as though—almost as though you were married to him, the way Midge did with Tony.

She blushed the thought away. Everybody was getting up and groaning about having to move on to a new place when they were having so much fun here, and it had been fun—but she wondered if anybody else was as excited as she was about going on to the next place.

Bob held the car door open for her. She realised suddenly that they had all been so much a part of the gang that she hadn't, really, paid very much attention to him at Midge's. She tried to make up for it.

Please turn to page 76

Star light, star bright, first star I see to-night. This was Judy's formula for wishing, but this time she didn't know what to wish.



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She Who Gets Trapped

Continued from page 4

ANNE insisted on their walking back to her cottage instead of taking a bus, because it would do them good. She opened the screen door of the small grey harbor-side bungalow and let it slam behind them.

"Sit down and be comfortable, Stephen. I'll just slip into another dress to cook dinner. Back in a minute."

She trotted off, giving the living-room door a resounding bang. In the bedroom she began to carol in a strong, merry voice. Anne did not sing off key on purpose. She sang off key because of a long line of ancestors who had done likewise and because of a total lack of training. While it was impossible for her to sing in tune, it was perfectly possible for her to refrain from singing at all, which she usually did. Now she plunged lustily into Stephen's favorite air, effortlessly torturing it to a tune.

She put on a blue pinafore dress, tied a blue ribbon in her hair, and emerged from the bedroom, careful to leave the door open behind her. "Chops for dinner," she announced cheerily.

"Good. I'm starved." He was sitting in gloom on the couch, his shoulders slumped, his hands dropping listlessly between his knees.

Anne's spirits soared and she went to work again on his song. "I love that tune," she said.

"If you love it, it would be merciful to let it alone," he muttered.

"What?"

"Nothing."

At the desk she tipped a sheaf of papers to the floor. "Don't get up," she said lightly. "Just bills."

"Bills!" Stephen's reddish-brown eyebrows jumped. "You mean to say you have that many unpaid bills?"

"Oh, I pay them eventually," she said. "That is, mostly. But, what would bill collectors do if everyone paid on the dot?"

"That's not the point, Anne. It's impractical to live like that. Why, you could be sued for your eyeteeth at any time."

She slammed the desk shut with a sharp little bang and headed for the kitchen. "Stephen, would you look in my bedroom and see if my apron's there? A white one."

Stephen got up and walked into the bedroom. She stood motionless in the kitchen, waiting for his reaction. It came in the form of a prolonged silence.

He bulked dimly in the kitchen doorway. "Do you always leave your room in that condition?"

"Like what? Oh, a little mused. I didn't have a chance to pick up after I dressed this afternoon."

"This afternoon! There must be at least two weeks' debris in there."

"Well, don't be stuffy, darling. I always keep the living-room neat. Did you find the apron?"

"I didn't look." He returned to the couch.

By the time she had dinner on the table he looked so sadly in need of food she felt a little sorry for him.

"I need this," he said with feeling, putting the knife to his chop. For several minutes he worked with increasing determination. Finally he put down his knife and fork and looked at her. "Maybe we could locate a dog who would be able to tear it apart," he suggested.

"Why, it can't be tough, Stephen! I cooked them the way I always do. Try again."

He managed to saw off one dry, leathery bite and turned his attention to the squash, scorched to a pale brown.

"I didn't make any dessert," she told him airily. "But, of course, I have coffee."

At first glance it did look like coffee. At the first sip it turned out to be a cool soupy mixture with a subtly dreadful flavor. Tasting it,

Anne was forced to marvel at her pure genius for this sort of thing.

There followed a period during which he gazed thoughtfully at the rug.

"I thought I knew all about you," he said finally. "But I'm discovering new things. For one thing, you . . . well, lie a little. You said you could cook."

"Well, I can," she bristled indignantly. "Sometimes better than that. Anyway, saying you can cook isn't a lie. Any girl would exaggerate that much to impress a man."

"You're extravagant," he said dolefully, "and temperamental. You're irresponsible and sloppy and you can't carry a tune."

"Stephen," she said lightly, "I have something to tell you. I'm not going to marry you after all. The more I think about it the less I want to sit on a mountaintop the rest of my life, displaying my sterling qualities, so I'm breaking our engagement. I hope it won't inconvenience you."

"I'd like to let you go," he said at last, "believe me, I would, but I can't do it. You don't seem to realise what a terrible situation you're in. No man's going to put up with you once he finds out what you're like. Sooner or later you'll get in a mess, and I'll be in South America and there'll be no one to take care of you. So it's up to me to take you along whether I want to or not."

"But think what you're saying, Stephen!"

"I know. But someone has to protect you. We'll hire a native cook and shut off all the rooms but one. Maybe you can learn to carry a tune. We'll be happy in our own way. Oh, gosh," he moaned.

ENTHUSIASTICALLY Anne suggested, "But you have other candidates. Why don't you take one of them?"

"I guess I'd rather be miserable with you."

Anne's face brightened like the morning sun. "Stephen, do you know what you've just said?" she cried. "You've said that you're in love with me! Head over heels, impractically in love with me!"

"I have?" He looked a little frightened.

"Of course you have! Why else would you be willing to let me make you miserable?"

"I guess that's right," he said slowly.

Impulsively she ran to the couch and knelt beside him.

"Oh, Stephen, I'm so glad! I guess I'm in love with you, too!"

"You are?" A look of wonder came into his eyes. "You're in love with me?"

"Yes, terribly! I think I would have been from the moment I saw you if I'd let myself go. But I thought you were stuffy and unfeeling, so I—"

"You mean you really love me, Annie?" His voice was unbelieving. And the face he turned toward her was most pitifully vulnerable in its eagerness to love and to be loved.

"Why, Stephen," she said softly. It was all there for her to read, his shyness and his yearning to be cared for. She was a little angry with herself for not guessing sooner. He was lonely! He'd never had a family. He locked his feelings away under a pretence of indifference.

This was something she understood, something to which she could warmly administer. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked directly into his eyes. "Yes, Stephen," she said clearly, "I love you very much."

Stephen Hartley didn't realise it yet, but he was going to have a very happy life.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MISS BETTY MELVILLE

. . . dancing award

AUSTRALIAN ballroom dancing champion, 22-year-old Betty Melville, is now taking up singing with a view to combining both her talents in a stage career. Her singing teacher, Adolf Spivakovsky, says: "With her lovely lyric-soprano voice and with hard work she should go far." Betty comes from Sydney, will remain in Melbourne indefinitely to study. She won Australian Dancing Society's highest award with honors. She does a part-time secretarial job.



PROFESSOR K. O. SHATWELL

. . . Pacific Commissioner

DEAN of Faculty of Law at Sydney University, Professor K. O. Shatwell has been appointed Commissioner for Australia on South Pacific Commission, but will keep up his work at the Law School. Graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, he was Professor of Law at University of Tasmania before the war. Saw five years' war service with R.N.V.R. mine-sweeping off U.K. coasts. Former keen Rugby player and amateur boxer, he now relaxes at gardening at his new home in Warrawee.



MR. ROBERT STAINES

. . . educating the nations

LAKE SUCCESS will be new home of Sydney educationist Robert Staines, M.A., B.Ed., who takes over duties of Chief Education Liaison Officer at United Nations Headquarters this month. Formerly Deputy Principal of Balmain Teachers' College, he is very keen to bring aims and achievements of U.N. to notice of English-speaking world. Brilliant pupil of Glen Innes High School and Armidale Teachers' College, he is no bookworm, but plays a good game of tennis and cricket. His wife and two young boys go with him.

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Gay hats made by war veterans

● Disabled war veterans who have turned milliners will show their creations for the first time at the Red Cross Flower Festival, which opens in Sydney Domain on September 20.

They will exhibit hats and baskets made from wicker—an art they learned at the Red Cross handicraft centre.

Wildflowers from all parts of Australia and from overseas, a display of outdoor gardens, and an exhibition of flower paintings will be part of the festival, which will end on September 23.



VALERIE DEWICK, Red Cross worker, carries a basket to match her hat. Bill Thompson made the hat and Reg. Brothers made the basket.

EX - WORLD WAR I soldier Athol Coughlin was idle for 16 years before he went to the Red Cross handicraft centre. Here he works out design for brim.



WICKER BASKETS and hats being arranged by Red Cross handicrafts instructor Madeleine Moore.



MODEL Patricia Cohen is ready for Sydney's hottest days in this beach hat made by Carl Vaitbar at Graythwaite Convalescent Home, North Sydney.

Malaya mail trains run gauntlet of bandits

Sabotaged engine blocks railway during tense night journey

From DOROTHY DRAIN, in Malaya

I began to write this story in the sleeper of the Night Mail to Kuala Lumpur, a train which could well have a film scenario written round it.

I went to sleep before I had written much, which is just as well, because it saved recasting the story.

AROUND midnight bandits derailed the pilot train running ahead of the train due to pass us soon afterwards. So at dawn we were transferred by a road convoy to a station 16 miles farther on, where passengers swapped trains.

We arrived at Kuala Lumpur six hours late on a service that has a better excuse than most trains for running late.

Interference with lines and firing from the jungle have become commonplace in the story of night mails of Malaya in the past two years.

Not being really an intrepid character I inquired for opinions before choosing this mode of transport from Singapore. "Why not fly?" said most people. One man said, "You'd be unlucky to be hit. Firings are spasmodic, and not every night. All the correspondents make the trip and nearly always strike a quiet night."

Some advised against it, not on the score of danger, but because of discomfort. But to one accustomed to Queensland trains, a train needn't be a luxury job to compare favorably.

Certainly, Australian sleepers do not have windows blacked out with a leather curtain over gauze. Nor do they carry a notice that confronted me in the entrance to the carriage, "In the event of firing, passengers are advised to lie on the floor. In no circumstances should they leave the train."

It didn't look a very popular train when I arrived on the Singapore platform about a quarter to seven. There were a handful of first-class passengers, chiefly Army and Malayan Police Force officers.

There were only two other European women. One was a British Army nurse bound for Pahang and the other was a recently married Women's Royal Army Corps girl, who preferred to travel second-class with her husband (British other ranks travel second) instead of availing herself of a first-class berth allotted to British Army women.

Revolvers on hip

MEMBERS of the Malayan Police Force guard trains and troops are ready to turn out if wanted. So most males on the platform, whether in uniform or civilian clothes, wore revolvers on the hip.

Five minutes ahead of the night mail travels a pilot train, the first unit of which is a crash waggon—a truck loaded with logs to take any impact. Two armored trucks follow the engine. In an emergency the driver of the pilot train fires a Vercy pistol, using a code of colors as a signal to the mail train.

Night fell as we pulled out of the station at Singapore. In the buffet-car curtains were still drawn aside, showing the thinning lights of the city and palm trees silhouetted against the evening sky.

I sat at a table with a young Australian, John Lawrence, of Mosman, Sydney, an ex-serviceman, who is an honors graduate in Arts. He was bound for Kuala Lumpur to join the Colonial Administration Service.

At a small bar sat two men in

civilian clothes. At a table across the aisle were two British officers with service ribbons on jungle greens and revolvers handy.

One, a major, was C.O. of troops on the journey. The other, a captain, was returning to his unit.

An hour and a half after you leave Singapore the bar and buffet close for the crossing to Johore State, where the bandits are thickest along the run. So dinner is the passengers' first consideration.

At Johore Baru, where you could catch a glimpse of the neon sign of a picture theatre, a Chinese boy closed the green curtains of the buffet-car.

The boy pointed at two holes in the curtains to the Army captain. He burst into a flood of Malay, hearty laughter, and machine-gun pantomime.

"He says bandits shot up a cook recently," translated the captain. "I gather he didn't like the cook."

"Shots up the line"

"**W**HAT'S the delay, old chap?" he added, turning to the major, who had just returned to the buffet.

"Shooting up a police station up the line," said the major, looking at his watch. "We shall wait here ten more minutes and move on."

I'd finished a mixed grill and coffee by the time the lights went off. The Chinese bar boys retired to sit on the floor behind the counter. They make the journey too often to take risks.

The train rattled on slowly. No Flying Scotsman tricks on this line. The maximum speed is 30 miles an hour nowadays, and drivers take it a good deal slower in areas known to be risky.

A favorite trick of the bandits is loosening rails. In the past five months nine pilot trains have been derailed on Malayan railways.

By 10 o'clock I was in the sleeping compartment, which I had to myself. Once 15 sleeping-cars were hard put to it to accommodate overnight traffic to Kuala Lumpur. The journey is only 246 miles and used to suit most people.

But it's the air route that is crowded to-day.

The lights were on again. Evidently we had passed the worst area. I made a half-hearted, sleepy attempt to begin the story. Then I switched out the light and peered through the corner of the leather curtain into the black night.

There was nothing to see. Daytime variations of the jungle, rubber and coconut fields were anonymous in the darkness. I went to sleep with the roar of the fan drowning the rumbling of the wheels. It was 2.30 a.m. when I was awakened by one of those long pauses that awaken even the hardest sleepers on trains.

A Malay conductor knocked. "This is Gemas (name of station), madame," he began in precise English, with the air of one accustomed to informing travellers of such incidents. "As a pilot train ahead has been derailed, we shall call passengers at 5.10. Buses will take you part of the way."

I got dressed and went out into the corridor to see what could be seen.



In spite of much shouting in different languages, it was obvious that everything was under control. I went back to sleep.

I don't know what I was dreaming about when a knock signalled 5.10, but it wasn't bandits.

Tea and an apple appeared. Outside the station in the misty dawn were three buses, driven by turbaned Indians, a couple of armored cars, a truck, and police cycles—one of the road convoys, a familiar sight in Malaya to-day.

The Army captain was amused by my lively interest in the proceedings, and volunteered, "We drive like fury now to Ayerkuning, about 16 miles."

At Ayerkuning was the down train, its passengers ready to swap over into buses.

In the buffet-car again Army officers read magazines and dozed. The Australian lad and I watched the scenery as this rich green country unrolled past the window.

Then, too sleepy to watch any more, I dozed till we drew into Kuala Lumpur station, where the platform was dotted with khaki-clad police, marking the town as the centre of the anti-bandit campaign.

The town of Kuala Lumpur is peaceful enough, but planters of a few miles away give a picture of continual nerve strain, especially for their wives.

Realities of the situation are headlined daily: "Kedah planter shot," "District officer's wife captured."

In the Station Hotel, where I write this, I have just heard the night mail from Singapore give a starting whistle. But I think I shall fly back.

(2)

SOLDIERS and troops being transferred in early morning to buses at Gemas Station for a 16-mile trip to Ayerkuning South. The transfer was necessary because a derailed pilot train had blocked the line to Kuala Lumpur.



COMMUNIST BANDITS derailed this train by sabotaging the line. The train, called a pilot train, is a special type that railway authorities always send five minutes ahead of a mail train to test the track. A crash waggon, heavily loaded with timber, precedes the engine. Carriage at rear is armored.



DOROTHY DRAIN took this picture from a window of the Kuala Lumpur mail train on the way from Singapore. Bandits, who hide in the jungle, frequently raid fertile fields like these to get food supplies.



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On the playing field... or off. Lounging, lazing... or just creating a good impression,—you'll find success comes easier in a Sportmaster. There's something irresistible about Sportmaster—the perfect shaping of the genuine Pelaco collar either open or with a tie... the soft flattering pastel shades and solid colours... the overall effect of quality and style. Only Pelaco can “do things” like these with a shirt—the *important* little things that do so much for *you*. There's nothing to equal a Pelaco Sportmaster.

—IT IS INDEED A LOVELY SHIRT SIR!



She wants to cuddle a koala



TANIA SZABO, wearing her best blue-and-white dress, with the Croix de Guerre and the George Cross awarded posthumously to her mother, Violette Szabo.



KING GEORGE VI gave Tania her mother's George Cross in 1945, when she was four. As soon as she got home Tania placed the decoration next to the photograph of her mother, whom she knew only as "the lovely lady."

War heroine's orphan waiting while uncles look for home in Australia

From IRENE HANSTATTER, in London

The orphan daughter of England's bravest and most beautiful wartime secret agent is going to Australia to live.

Eight years old, auburn-haired and startlingly lovely, Tania Desiree Demaris Szabo will be taken to Australia by her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bushell.

SHE is the child of Violette Szabo, shot by the Germans in Ravensbruck concentration camp at the age of 24, and of French Foreign Legion officer Etien Szabo, killed at El Alamein in 1942.

Tania and her grandparents will go to Australia when three of her uncles, Noel, Roy, and John—Violette's brothers—who have been in Australia a year, have found a house for them.

Tania is getting impatient about going to Australia. She keeps asking, "When are we going?" and cuts out pictures of kangaroos to stick in her scrapbook.

Recently a teacher showed her a picture of a koala. Tania became very excited and told her grandparents all about it. She said she wanted to go to Australia quickly "to cuddle a koala."

Not long ago—in May—Tania, demure but confident, walked slowly up to French Ambassador Rene Massigli in the splendor of London's French Embassy.

Her grandmother, French-born Mrs. Rene Bushell, had carefully taught her how to curtsy.

But as M. Massigli bent down a long way to pin the posthumous Croix de Guerre of her mother on the bodice of Tania's new blue-and-white dress, Tania forgot about curtsying.

M. Massigli kissed her on both cheeks, and she walked back to her grandparents.

The Croix de Guerre wasn't the only decoration dragging slightly on the material of the new dress. By its side was the George Cross, which His Majesty King George VI of England had handed to Tania to keep for her mother, four years ago.

To Tania, who was three years old when her mother was killed, the visits to Buckingham Palace and the

French Embassy had been exciting outings, which, somehow, had something to do with the photographs of the "beautiful lady" in her home, where she lives with her grandparents, in Wantage, Berkshire. She has been told that this lady is her real mother, although she calls Mr. and Mrs. Bushell Daddy and Mummy.

Tania knows that the lady in the photographs will never come back to her, but of the story of her mother's heroism and death she has been told nothing.

Mrs. Bushell remembers Violette when she was Tania's age, in the big, grey, Victorian house in Brixton, South London. She was always the tomboy, adventurous, devil-may-care, challenging her brothers in their own sports. She spent all her holidays in France with her mother's sister, and was bilingual.

One summer's day in 1940 Violette set out for a walk in the park. Her mother said: "If you see a poor,

lonely French soldier, bring him home to us."

Violette did. She met Sergeant-Major Etien Szabo, well-built, strong-faced French Foreign Legionnaire, and took him home to tea. A month later they were married.

Violette saw Etien for only a few short leaves before he was sent abroad. In 1942 he wrote that perhaps he would be able to fly home and see his new baby, Tania. But the El Alamein push began and Etien was killed.

To forget her grief Violette joined the Land Army, then the A.T.S. In April, 1944, she volunteered for a dangerous mission to contact the Maquis in France. She trained as a Commando and learned how to use a parachute.

Once she went home, to the house in Brixton, with a sprained ankle. Although her parents had a suspicion of the training she was undergoing they did not ask her questions, knowing it was secret. Violette, dropped by parachute, undertook missions in France and twice escaped after the Gestapo had captured her.

When on leave Violette brought Resistance leaders to stay at the house in Brixton. Mr. and Mrs. Bushell treated them just as "Violette's friends." Sometimes in their old-fashioned parlor Violette and four leading Resistance agents, whom the Germans would have dearly loved to capture, sat playing cards to pass the time.



WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH of Violette and Etien Szabo at Aldershot on August 22, 1940.

On Violette's last leave, Mrs. Bushell was sitting in the parlor while Violette's commanding officer talked to her in French. Mrs. Bushell heard the major tell her 24-year-old daughter that she had done enough work and urge her not to go on another mission.

Violette asked him: "Can I do the work?"

"Yes," he admitted.

So Violette got her own way and went on another mission—her last.

Gay, gallant

VIOLETTE'S escorting officer has given a description of her as she was at the British airfield, waiting to step into the plane to go to France.

"In a group of heavily-armed and equipped men waiting to take off from the same airfield, Violette was slim, debonair.

"She wore a flowered frock, white sandals, and earrings which she had bought in Paris during her first mission.

"She zipped up her flying suit, adjusted her parachute, shook her hair loose, and climbed, laughing, into the aircraft.

"She was a living symbol of gaiety and gallantry and those who watched her go were deeply moved."

Ten days later Violette and her companions ran into a German ambush. Violette, with a Sten gun, barricaded herself in a house. She killed seven Germans and wounded others before her ammunition gave out and she was captured.

Sent from Fresnes prison to Saarbrücken, Violette was in a cattle-truck train, overcrowded with British prisoners, gasping in the heat. Those who survived tell how she crept along a corridor in the confusion of a bombing raid on the train, passing a bottle of water to prisoners more parched than herself. Later the Germans sent her to the dread Ravensbruck prison camp.

She suffered solitary confinement and torture, but, in the words of the citation with the George Cross: "Never by word or deed did she give away any of her acquaintances or tell the enemy anything of value."

The Germans gave up their futile interrogation and put Violette against a wall and shot her. But even they admired her proud bearing.



THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR in London, M. Rene Massigli, embracing Tania after giving her the Croix de Guerre in May.

That is the story of Violette. But it is not the end.

For in the pleasant, modern house where Mr. and Mrs. Bushell bring up Tania they can talk of Violette almost as if she were present. Tania is so like her mother.

Tania is a happy little girl. She loves acrobatics, and her favorite game is performing handstands and turning cartwheels on the lawn.

Sometimes she is just a little bewildered. She says to Mrs. Bushell: "You're not really my mummy, are you?" and, "When I grow up will I be Mrs. Bushell or Mrs. Szabo?"

Mr. Bushell works as a driver for the Harwell atom research project. He left his job and home in London for Berkshire because Tania was ailing and the doctor said that she needed country air. A millionaire who saw the photograph of Tania in a newspaper wrote to him offering "any amount of money" he liked for the right to adopt her.

Mr. Bushell wrote back: "I am not in the habit of selling my own flesh and blood."

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WE ENSURE QUADS' FUTURE

Parents make decision

We are delighted to announce that we have made an agreement with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara which ensures the future of Australia's Quads.

AND we will have the privilege of bringing to our readers exclusively the enthralling story of their babyhood, their toddling days, and their years at school.

The Quads — Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark — were born at the N.S.W. north coast town of Bellingen on August 17, 18, and 19.

The Australian Women's Weekly will provide the Sara family with a return trip to England within a year, so that Mrs. Sara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Holmes, of Chiswick, London, can see the Quads and their elder brother, Geoffrey, aged four.

Every care will be taken that these children lead normal, healthy, and happy lives, and are not exploited.

Not since the birth of the Dionne Quins in Canada in 1934 has such a warm interest been taken in the motherhood of a previously unknown young woman.

Thousands waited for news each day of the birth of each of the four babies and for progress reports on the health of the mother of the Quads.

Telegrams, letters, and offers of financial and other help poured into the little country town.

After careful consideration of many proposals for the future of the Quads, Mr. and Mrs. Sara chose that of The Australian Women's Weekly.



PROUD AND HAPPY, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara are the now famous parents of the first quadruplets to survive in Australia.

Normal family life planned for children

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

The parents of Australia's first surviving quadruplets have made up their minds about three things.

THE Quads will have as normal a life as possible; their brother, Geoffrey, now four, will never be allowed to feel "out of things"; proud father Percy Sara will continue his work with the N.S.W. District Ambulance no matter how much money the Quads bring into the Sara family from commercial contracts.

I had a chat with Betty Sara three days after the last of her Quads was born.

It was the first talk she had had with anyone outside her family, medical advisers, and the Bellingen River Hospital staff.

"I can't and won't try to hide my four babies from a genuinely interested world, but I can try to ensure that their everyday life is as normal as possible," she told me.

"I also want to make sure that Geoffrey is made to feel just as important to his father and me as his little brothers and sisters."

Percy Sara, who thinks he is the youngest superintendent in the N.S.W. ambulance service, said nothing would part him from the ambulance work.

"I love it," he declared. "I wanted to be a doctor but could not because I

did not matriculate in the right subjects. So ambulance work is the next best thing for me."

Because of this the Quads probably will spend their early years, at least, in the one-main-street town of Bellingen, where pictures are shown three times a week and everything is closed by nine at night.

Bellingen is a prosperous little town, but had a recent set-back when the worst flood for years surrounded the town.

The flood waters were less than ten yards from the Sara home three weeks before Mrs. Sara went into hospital for the birth of her babies.

When brown-haired cream-skinned W.A.A.F. Betty Holmes handed R.A.A.F. tallgunner Percy Sara his dark glasses the first few times he reported for ultra-violet ray treatment at Church Broughton, England, she was a London girl who knew little about Australia and nothing about a remote town named Bellingen. She came to Australia after having married Percy when he returned from a German P.O.W. camp in 1945.

Betty told me she was very sick in the early days of her pregnancy, but was then quite normal until about five weeks before their birth.

"Then I was very uncomfortable," she said. "I had to rest a lot and came into hospital three weeks before the births."

"I was told I might have triplets but I decided not to worry about rushing round for extra napkins and baby nighties until the babies were safely here."

Percy, a keen poker player, has a reputation among card-playing friends in Bellingen for holding four of a kind.



TWO BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS, all at once, explains the Quads' grandmother, Mrs. Sara. Geoffrey, aged 4, can scarcely believe it.

His friends told him before the births that if he got four of a kind he could call for a liver on each. Percy got two pairs.

Betty told me that she started to allow herself a "bit of a weep" between the births of the third and fourth babies, then decided "What's got to be has to be," gritted her teeth and waited. "It was so long!" she exclaimed.

The whole hospital worked while the Quads were born. When laundryman Des Vidler was told by a doctor to get some sleep he replied, "How is the laundry going to keep going if I'm not here to work it?"

Kitchen maid Betty Cook had tea and sandwiches ready for the doctors whenever they wanted them.

The nursing staff did not hear Mrs. Sara cry out once.

The eldest quad, Alison, is the cheekiest and greediest of the four according to Sister D. Blakeway.

"She just grabs the bottle when I give it to her," said Sister.

Betty Sara is planning already how she will dress them when they are running round.

"I like little girls in crisp gingham frocks in summer and tailored coats with velvet collars in winter," she told me. "I think little boys look

nicest in tailored pants and blue or white shirts."

If the Sara family follows its present intention of remaining in Bellingen the children will start school at the Bellingen State School.

The boys will then go on to their father's old school, Sydney Grammar. Mrs. Sara fancies a grammar school for the girls when they are older.

The greatest headache for Percy Sara after he had recovered from the Quads' birth was trying to decide how he would accommodate his greatly increased family in the ambulance superintendent's house beside the ambulance station.

The house has two medium-sized bedrooms, a lounge room, bathroom, kitchen, laundry, and glassed-in back verandah and side verandah.

Lumber which has accumulated on the back verandah has been cleared away, and Percy is hurrying to get a partition put up before his wife comes home, to make a room there for Geoffrey.

The Quads will sleep in the second bedroom.

Although Betty Sara is recovering quickly and would like to go home, she has decided for her babies' sakes to stay on in hospital until the Quads are ready to accompany her.



PHILLIP, elder boy, and second of the four Quads to be born, held by his mother.



*"I felt
sorry for
my country cousin . . ."*

"Born and bred in the city, used to every modern convenience. Then she moved to the country, to live more than 30 miles from the nearest town. Indeed I felt sorry for her.

"Recently I paid her a visit. To say I was amazed would be an understatement. With her hot water service, refrigerator, cooker and radiator, she's a happy housewife. City comforts at her fingertips—each kerosine-operated—every one safe, efficient and economical.

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BOOK REVIEW

BY HELEN FRIZELL

"Henry Handel
Richardson
—a Study"
By Nettie Palmer

The enigma of Australian novelist Henry Handel Richardson is not solved by Nettie Palmer's latest biography.

Ethel Richardson, who wrote under the name of Henry Handel Richardson, left the world some superb novels when she died, but little information about her personal life.

ADMIRERS have hoped for years that someone would be able to write her biography, giving an intimate sketch of her life, pointing up her foibles, and revealing Henry Handel Richardson the woman.

Nettie Palmer, friend and correspondent of Henry Handel Richardson, had the greatest opportunity to do this.

The attempt has not failed through any fault of Mrs. Palmer's, but through the impenetrable reserve of Henry Handel Richardson.

All the same, "Henry Handel Richardson—A Study" is filled with interesting details about the way the novelist worked when she was writing the great trilogy, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," and other books.

Best of all, Mrs. Palmer has printed letters which Henry Handel Richardson sent to her from 1927 to 1945.

The first letter, written in 1929, came after the world had suddenly discovered "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony."

The last book of the trilogy, "Ultima Thule," was pounced upon, proclaimed a Book of the Month, and publicity and success came to the author.

"I have found success a very exhausting state, and look back with envy at my former retired existence," wrote Henry Handel Richardson to her Australian friend. "I don't want to suggest that I am not pleased by 'Ultima Thule's' boom. But I do dread American publicity, and American interviewers, and personal part, and curiosity about one's private life."

H.H.R. could not understand why people asked her about her non-de plume.

"One would really think from the fuss made by people about it that no novelist before me had ever written under a name that—well, I can't say that was not her own. That is the whole point of the thing. Richardson IS my own name, and very much so, and I intend to cling fast to it. I have an almost Eastern belief in the virtue and potency of names, and have never been able to see why a woman should change hers at marriage."

Perhaps the reason H.H.R. was so conscious of names was because she disliked her Christian name "Ethel" so much.

Her parents, Dr. Walter Lindsay Richardson and his wife, Mary, gave her that name when she was born in Melbourne in January 1870.

Walter Richardson had come to Australia from Dublin, had lived on the Ballarat goldfields, then married his Australian wife in 1853.

When Ethel Florence Richardson was born Australia was still a

pioneering country, and a land of opportunity for those tough enough to win through.

But dreamy, introspective Walter Richardson was not tough, and when only 50 was heading for a mental breakdown, possibly caused by his constant worries over money.

The Richardsons moved from place to place in Victoria.

Walter Richardson's mental powers failed, and he was committed to a mental asylum, returning to die at Kororoit. His widow, struggling to look after Ethel and her sister Lilian, became the local postmistress.

H.H.R.'s father died in 1879, when Ethel was nine, yet it was upon his life that she based "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," and "Ultima Thule" especially.

Most of her works were based on fact. Her schooldays which followed at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, gave birth to "The Getting of Wisdom," a sardonic and realistic book about a young country girl's education.

Like the 13-year-old Laura of the book, H.H.R. entered the school with a gift for music, a love of literature, and the naive habit of saying what she thought, and doing likewise.

On leaving P.L.C. she was 17, with what appeared to be a future as a musician ahead of her.

Her ambitious mother wanted her to have every opportunity, and took her to Leipzig to study.

Having to play at the Conservatorium there made her quite sick with fear.

"What did for me" (she admitted in her only autobiographical book, "Myself When Young") "were the eyes, the thousands of eyes, all fixed like gimlets on my miserable self, stuck up before them and their helpless prey . . . It was thus I first became aware of a link, a twist in my nature, that was to prove a lifelong disadvantage."

While in Leipzig she married J. G. Robertson, an authority on German literature. She apparently lived happily with him until his death in May, 1933, but little is known of the marriage.

They both worked hard—Henry Handel Richardson in silent isolation behind a soundproof door.

Even in 38 years of marriage H.H.R. could not relax sufficiently to discuss her plans for novels with her husband. She wrote to Nettie Palmer:

"I am now settling down to work again, but it's too soon to speak of it to anyone. Not even my husband is in my confidence. When I begin a new book I have to be very careful for fear the ideas in it, which are light as thistledown, blow away and never come back."

"Henry Handel Richardson—A Study," by Nettie Palmer, published by Angus and Robertson. Our copy from the publishers.



HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, as a 21-year-old music student in Leipzig.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 9, 1950

NATIONAL CLEAN UP

AFTER the long, wet winter experienced in many parts of Australia, those lucky enough to have homes are indulging in spring-cleaning. In Canberra the Federal Government faces a mammoth national task on the same lines.

There will be plenty of work for the hundred million dollar broom that Prime Minister Menzies brought home from America if all the dusty corners in the national economy are to receive attention.

The widening gap between costs and wages or income in most homes has assumed alarming proportions. Purchase of food and other necessities is barely possible to those on lower rates of pay, and margins for savings have disappeared.

Prospects of owning homes have taken wings. The days when you could finance a home if you owned the site and £50 look Utopian in retrospect.

Tremendous losses of stock in N.S.W. floods, and millions of pounds worth of damage to farm lands, buildings, and roads, have depleted the national larder, forcing food prices up again and aggravating the housing shortage.

Coal and steel production losses have also been heavy.

An urgent defence programme must have priority on money and material.

While realising that defence, industrial, and agricultural expansion must first benefit from this dollar transfusion, the housewife is entitled to ask if there will be any benefit to her from Mr. Menzies dollar broom.

Will prices remain within her grasp, or will she still wage a losing battle with the household budget such as she is doing now?

If the struggle goes against her the consequences may well be disastrous to the welfare of the whole nation.

It would seem that the Federal Government faces an Augean stable job rather than a simple spring-cleaning.



PERFECT SETTING. Dr. T. Sayle and his wife (left) have afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goodman, of Rose Bay, before setting off for reefing at Hayman Island. Dr. and Mrs. Sayle are from Brighton, Victoria.



ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE. Mr. and Mrs. H. Baden-Powell, of Melbourne, were among the guests at the Royal Hayman Hotel, Hayman Island. Tables with large red-and-white-striped umbrellas are in the patios for the guests to sit under.

At New Resort

ALTHOUGH only recently opened, the Royal Hayman Hotel, Hayman Island, is already becoming a rendezvous for Australians from all over the Commonwealth and for overseas visitors.

Escaping from cold wintry days, visitors from Tasmania, Victoria, and New South Wales comprise at the moment the majority of the guests. New Zealanders, too, have flocked to the hotel since it opened.

The architecture, which is modern in design, is the work of a young Australian, Mr. Guilford Bell, of Queensland. He is also responsible for the interiors throughout the hotel, where he has kept in mind the simmering summer heat and designed everything with an eye to cool comfort.

Holiday makers at Hayman Island can swim either in the sea from a glorious white sandy beach, or take the plunge in a salt water swimming pool set in a patio in the main building of the hotel. Reefing and shell and coral collecting fills in many happy hours between cruises, fishing, and boating. Tennis courts, billiards, archery, and putting greens are being added for the enjoyment of guests.



MIND THAT SUNBURN. Mrs. Marcus Miller gives her husband an application of sun oil after his swim in the pool. Mr. and Mrs. Miller come from Sydney.



SYDNEY VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hauslaib enjoy a cup of morning tea while they engage in a spot of sunbaking by the swimming pool. Members of Sydney's American community, they say the comfort of the Royal Hayman appealed to them.



SETTING OFF FOR A CRUISE. Marion Hugo (left), Peggy Booth, and Susan Potter were among the young guests at the hotel. Both Marion and Peggy hail from Masterton, New Zealand. Marion is a kindergarten teacher and Peggy a Brazilian nurse. Susan is a vet. science student at the University of Sydney.



HOMeward JOURNEY. Mr. and Mrs. C. McDonald and their five-year-old son Ian leave by the early morning train to the jetty to catch a launch to Prosperine to wend their way home to Townsville.

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Free entry... Easy to win
HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Get a free entry form from your usual chemist or store. It contains the rules which govern this contest, but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started!
2. Study the six facts about Rinso listed in this advertisement and ask yourself which fact appeals to you most. Put the figure 1 in the square beside it. Place the figure 2 against the fact which appeals to you next, and so on, down the whole list of Rinso points until you have placed them all in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6. Then do exactly the same for the facts about Lifebuoy, putting them in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6.

3. Complete the sentence about Lifebuoy using no more than an additional 12 words.

DO NOT SEND IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, but use the official entry form obtainable from your chemist or store and post to "Rinso/Lifebuoy Spring Double Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney.

CORRECT ORDER OF PLACING AND MAJOR PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON "AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR," NOVEMBER 14.

THE RINSO FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Rinso saves work in the kitchen as well as in the laundry.
- ☐ Rinso has magic in its thicker, richer suds.
- ☐ Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world.
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- ☐ Rinso is best for everything.

THE LIFEBUOY FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather contains a special health ingredient.
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- ☐ Lifebuoy gives all-over protection that lasts all day.

I always use New Refined Lifebuoy because (complete this sentence in no more than 12 words)

GET FREE ENTRY FORM FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

Contest closes
October 19th 1950



America's bowls game coming to Australia



CHICAGO GIRL, Alice Niesen, demonstrates at one of the city's bowling centres the correct position for bowling. Her body is bent slightly forward from the hips. She has swung her arm back smoothly.

Company plans luxury centres with creches and restaurants

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Indoor bowling, America's popular pastime, is on its way to Australia. Sponsors of the game here are confident that it will be just as popular in Australia as across the Pacific.

THE sponsors aim to make the game a family affair, as it is in America, and plan to build bowling centres with creches and restaurants.

Building specifications of the centres will be the same as in America.

City centres will have streamlined architecture, but those in the country and suburbs will be designed like country clubs.

Mr. Russell J. Bowell, represent-

ing American sponsors, is now in Australia to arrange production of bowling equipment.

He says that in America the game is a much greater favorite than football, baseball, and horse-racing.

"In the entertainment field only the moving picture industry draws bigger crowds," he says.

"It's not the English game of skittles modernised, but a 100 per cent American creation that originated about a century ago. It



COUNTRY-CLUB STYLE bowling centre in Illinois. The centre, run by former all-American baseball star Ray Schalk, has 24 bowling lanes, restaurant, and cocktail lounge.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 9, 1950

IT took Jean and the headman two days to walk to Kuala Rakit, staying overnight at a place called Bukit Perah. They stayed with the headman there, Jean sleeping in the back quarters with the women. They went on next day and came to Kuala Rakit in the evening; it was a very large village, or small town.

Here Mat Amin took her to see an official of the Malay administration at his house, Tunku Bentara Raja. Tunku Bentara was a little thin Malay who spoke excellent English; he was genuinely concerned at the story that he heard from Mat Amin and from Jean.

"I am very, very sorry," he said at last. "I cannot do much to help you directly, because the Japanese control everything we do. It is terrible that you should have to work in the rice fields."

"That's not terrible at all," Jean said. "As a matter of fact, we rather like it. We want to stay there."

"You must stay with us to-night," he said. "To-morrow I will have a talk with the Japanese Civil Administrator."

That night Jean slept in a bed for the first time in nearly seven months. She did not care for it much; having grown used to sleeping on the floor she found it cooler to sleep so than on a mattress.

In the morning she went with Tunku Bentara and Mat Amin to the Japanese Civil Administrator, who took them in turn to the military commanding officer, a Colonel Matsuka.

It was quite clear that Colonel Matsuka considered women prisoners to be a nuisance, and he had no intention whatsoever of diverting any portion of his force to guarding them.

In the end he washed his hands of the whole thing and told the Civil Administrator to make what arrangements he thought best. The Civil Administrator told Bentara that the women could stay where they were for the time being, and Jean started back for Kuala Telang with Mat Amin.

They lived there for three years, until the war ended . . .

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 3

"The Malays were very kind to us," Jean said. "Fatimah, the girl who showed us what to do in the rice fields in those first weeks—she was a perfect dear. I got to know her very well indeed."

"Is that where you want to go back to?" I asked.

She nodded. "I would like to do something for them, now that I've got this money. We lived with them for three years, and they did everything for us. We'd all have died before the war was ended if they hadn't taken us in and let us stay with them. And now I've got so much, and they so very, very little . . ."

"Don't forget you haven't got as much as all that," I said. "Travelling to Malaya is a very expensive journey."

She smiled. "I know. What I want to do for them won't cost so very much—not more than fifty pounds, if that. We had to carry water in that village—that's the women's work—and it's a fearful job. You see, the river's tidal at the village so the water's brackish; and drinking water has to be fetched from the spring, nearly a mile away."

"We used to go for it with gourds, two in each hand, with a stick between them, morning and evening—a mile there and a mile back—four miles a day, Fatimah and the other girls didn't think about it. It's what the village has done always, generation after generation."

"That's why you want to dig a well?"

She nodded. "It's something I could do for them, for the women—something that would make life easier for them, as they made life easier for us. A well right in the middle of the village, within a couple of hundred yards of every house. I'm sure it wouldn't have to be more than about ten feet deep because there's water all about."

"I thought if I went back there and offered to engage a gang of well diggers to do this for them, it'd sort of wind things up. And

after that I could enjoy this money with a clear conscience." She looked up at me again. "You don't think that's silly, do you?"

"No," I said. "I don't think that. The only thing is, I wish it wasn't quite so far away. Travelling there and back will make a very big hole in a year's income."

"I know that," she said. "If I run out of money I'll take a job in Singapore or somewhere for a few months and save up a bit."

"As a matter of interest," I said, "why didn't you stay out there and get a job? You know the country so well."

She said, "I'd had enough of it, then—in 1945. We were all dying to get home. They sent three trucks for us from Kota Bharu, and we were taken to the airfield there and flown down to Singapore in a Dakota with an Australian crew. And there I met Bill Holland, and I had to tell him about Eileen, and Freddie and Jane." Her voice dropped and she broke off.

WE were both silent a moment, then Jean went on: "All the family except Robin; he was four years old by that time, and quite a sturdy little chap. They let me travel home with Bill and Robin, to look after Robin. He looked on me as his mother, of course."

She smiled a little. "Bill wanted to make it permanent," she said. "I couldn't do that."

Again I remained silent.

"When we landed, England was so green and beautiful," she said. "I wanted to forget about the war, and forget about the East, and grow to be an ordinary person again. I got this job with Pack and Levy and I've been there two years now—ladies' handbags and attaché cases for the luxury trade, nothing to do with wars or sickness or death. I've had a happy time there, on the whole."

She was very much alone when she got home. She had cabled to her mother directly she reached Singa-

pore; there was a long delay, and then she got a cable in reply from her Aunt Agatha in Colwyn Bay, breaking to her the news that her mother was dead. Before she left Singapore she heard that her brother Donald had died upon the Burma-Siam railway.

She must have felt very much alone in the world when she regained her freedom; it seemed to me that she had shown great strength of character in refusing an offer of marriage at that time. She landed at Liverpool, and went to stay for a few weeks with her Aunt Agatha at Colwyn Bay; then she went down to London to look for a job.

I asked her why she had not got in touch with her uncle, the old man at Ayr who had left his money to her.

"Quite honestly," she said, "I forgot all about him, or if I thought of him at all I thought he was dead, too. I only saw him once, that time when I was eleven years old."

It was still pouring with rain. We decided to give up the idea of going out that afternoon, and to have tea in my flat. Jean went out to my little kitchen and began getting it, and I busied myself with laying the tea table and cutting bread and butter. When she came in with the tray I asked, "When do you think of going to Malaya, then?"

"I thought I'd book my passage for the end of May, and go on working at Pack and Levy up till then," she said. "That's about another six weeks. By then I'll have enough saved up to pay my passage out and home, and I'll still have about sixty pounds I saved out of my wages in the last two years."

She had been into the cost of her journey, and had found a line of intermediate-class cargo ships that took about a dozen passengers for a relatively modest fare to Singapore.

"I think I'll have to fly to Kota Bharu from Singapore," she said. "I don't know how I'll get from Kota Bharu to Kuala Telang, but I expect there'll be something."

JEAN was quite capable of walking it, I thought; a journey through the heart of Malaya could mean little to her now. I had had the atlas out while she had been telling me her story to see where the places were, and I looked at it again now.

"You could get off the aeroplane at Kuantan," I said. "It's shorter from there."

"I know," she said. "I know it's a bit shorter. But I couldn't bear to go back there again." There was distress in her voice.

To ease the situation I said idly, "It would take me years to learn how to remember these Malay names."

"It's all right when you know what they mean," she said. "They're just like English names. Bharu means new, and Kota means a fort. It's only Newcastle, in Malay."

I saw Jean Paget from time to time in the six weeks before she left England. She booked her passage to sail from London docks on June 2, and she gave notice to her firm to leave at the end of May.

As the time for her departure drew closer I became worried for her, not because I was afraid that she would overspend her income, but because I was afraid she would get into some difficulty due to her expenses being higher than she thought they would be.

I mentioned that to her about a week before she left. I said, "Don't forget that I have fairly wide discretionary powers under your uncle's will. If you get into any difficulty, or if you really need money, let me have a cable at once. As for example, if you should get ill."

She smiled. "That's very sweet of you," she said. "But honestly, I think I'll be all right. I'm counting upon taking a job if I find I'm running short. After all, I haven't got to get back here to England by a given date, or anything like that."

I said, "Don't stay too long away."

She smiled. "I shan't, Mr. Strachan," she said. "There's nothing to keep me in Malaya once I've done this thing."

Please turn to page 24

old english superstition

Do You Know?

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WORTH Reporting

GAY Australian animal posters play an important part in the new Australian Road Safety Council scheme to educate children in traffic rules.

They are being distributed to schools and kindergartens throughout Australia, and are so striking that even the tiniest tots can understand their message.

Part of this safety campaign for children, which begins next month, is an excellent six-minute animated color film produced by a Melbourne company.

It tells the story of Careful Koala and his friend, reckless Billy Bunny. Both set off for an animal party.

Billy Bunny, after flouting all the safety rules, eventually arrives bandaged from head to toe and hobbling on crutches. But Careful Koala reaches the party intact and smiling—thanks to observing the safety rule.

The Council has issued two handbooks, one for teachers, the other for pupils.

For the children there is the "Children's Highway Code," a colorful little book which gives, largely in picture form, information on where to walk, how, where, and when to cross the road, and other safety rules for travelling, for play, when cycling, and when "in town."

Toys that teach road sense are a novel feature of the campaign. In nursery schools tiny tots play with little traffic lights that work.

There are plastic steering wheels, complete with working gear-lever and a honking horn, and flexible rubber balls, made to look like policemen, which can be depressed to give traffic signals.

With its slogan—"Life is so precious"—the Council is making a positive rather than a negative approach to the very young. Council officers know from experience that "Do" is better than "Don't" when it comes to teaching children.

Figures show that boys are less cautious than girls. Last year 4459 children were involved in road accidents. One hundred and fifty were killed, 4309 injured. Of these, 68 per cent. were boys, 32 per cent. girls.

Further ways of strengthening and expanding the campaign for children will be discussed when 30 delegates from all States of the Australian National Safety Council meet in Melbourne for their November National Conference.

A MEMBER of our Adelaide office was amazed recently to see a Sealyham terrier which had been trotting steadily along the footpath hesitate when it came to a busy corner just as the yellow caution light shined.

It sat down when the red stop-light flicked on and lazily scratched itself until the yellow light flashed on again, whereupon it slowly stood up, then trotted across the street as the green light appeared.

It seems a pity to have to spoil this story by pointing out that scientists are satisfied that all dogs are color-blind.



"Looks as if there's something wrong with Archie's approach."



"On second thoughts, Lulu, maybe YOU'D better steer!"

Visiting scientist did interesting war work

PROFESSOR LILY NEWTON, a British scientist who carried out interesting research on seaweed during the last war, is visiting Australia at the invitation of the Department of Fisheries, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Before the war, Japan had almost a monopoly of agar, a substance produced from red seaweed, and essential in the preparation of vaccines.

Professor Newton, after Pearl Harbor, was assigned the task of finding suitable seaweed in Britain.

She spent all her wartime vacations, helped by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, wading the east coast of Britain, Scotland, and the Hebrides, looking for the right types of seaweed.

In all 500 tons of dry seaweed were gathered and processed. Professor Newton's method was a complete success.

In the meantime Australia had developed her own resources of red seaweed, found mainly in the estuary of the Swan River, Western Australia, and on the N.S.W. coast, by an entirely different method.

Professor Newton has now come here to study our treatment of seaweed to produce agar and to exchange general scientific information.

Colored jewels may start new ring fashion

WE were dazzled recently by the glorious collection of precious stones brought back from Ceylon by Mr. Adolf Bassett, managing director of a big Sydney jewellery firm.

Like a pirate's treasure, there were glittering golden sapphires so big as to appear unreal, sapphires of every blue, sparkling rubies from dusty pink to deep red. Yellow topazes and blue-green aquamarines lay next to their uncommon cousins, the greenish peridots and lime olivines, which are semi-precious and greatly prized by connoisseurs of jewels.

Mr. Bassett brought the jewels back from a nine weeks' tour of 29 gem mines in Ceylon.

Although he has been handling gems for many years Mr. Bassett gleefully showed us his prizes with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy.

He told us how he bargained with the wily Cingalese, who know every trick of the trade.

He says that this is the first time an Australian has brought back such a big consignment of gems, worth many thousands of pounds. He hopes to start the fashion for colorful precious stones in engagement rings and other jewellery.

Previously, most gems in Australia came through merchants in the United Kingdom.

Every day is Christmas Day for Miss Yule

BRITAIN'S richest woman is believed to be Miss Gladys Yule, who, when her mother died in July, inherited the very substantial remainder of the £9,000,000 estate of her father, Sir David Yule.

Her home is a lovely Georgian mansion at Bricket Wood, near Watford, Hertfordshire, but Miss Yule is not interested in the things that would absorb most women if they had her wealth.

She rises at seven each morning and personally supervises the work on her 100-acre dairy farm.

Miss Yule supervises the milking of the two herds of Jersey cows and the grooming of her beautiful Arab horses.

She exercises her champion poodle dogs and feeds her 50 cats herself.

Miss Yule, who is 46, is 5 feet 10 inches, with broad shoulders and tanned cheeks, and usually wears land girl breeches, leather lumber jacket, worsted stockings, and farm-boots.

If she changes from her working clothes into well-cut tweeds it is generally to go to cattle or dog shows.

Miss Yule once told a friend that she would never marry.

"Animals are my companions," she said. "They are the best friends in the world."

ONE of our favorite young men is, we report with regret, much more interested in animals than he is in us. He is red-haired and five years old.

One day recently he came into the kitchen while his mother was cooking.

"May I have a piece of string, please, mummy?" he asked.

"What do you want it for?" "To tie up something."

"Not another dog," his mother implored, wishing he could temper his love for animals with some regard for his father's plants.

"No," he said, with that look in his eyes which says so clearly that the most wonderful thing in the world has happened and please don't spoil it, "a horse."

American brides will see new homeland alone

TWO American girls, who married Australian servicemen they met while working in Japan, have decided to come to their new homeland, although their husbands cannot accompany them because of the war in Korea.

One is the wife of Lieut. A. M. McCann, of Brisbane. She was Miss Billie Fisher, of Louisville, Kentucky.

The other is the wife of Captain W. Chitts, of Melbourne. Formerly Phyllis Riley, of Philadelphia, she is still working at her job as an X-ray technician with the Atom Bomb Control Commission.

"I've completed my two years' contract all but a month, but I am not signing on again," she told Massey Stanley, our correspondent with the United Nations Forces. "If I can't stay with my husband, I want to adjust myself to his country."

"IN spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Cup fancies," is the somewhat testy version of Tennyson of a gay young girl we know.

Her spring song has become slightly off-key because her fiance, at this season of the year, spends more time studying racing form than her whims and wishes, and more time admiring Metropolitan and Melbourne Cup entries than her new bouquet.

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A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 22

JEAN was giving up her room in Ealing, and she asked if she might leave a trunk and a suitcase in the bedroom of my flat till she came back to England. She brought them round the day before she sailed. She was only taking one suitcase as her luggage.

"My old sarong," she said. "I'm not going out to be a fashion mannequin in Malaya."

I drove her down to the docks in a taxi. The ship was a new one and everything was bright and clean. When the steward opened the door of her cabin she stood back amazed, because there were flowers arranged all round the little room.

"Oh, Noel!" she said. "Just look at all the flowers!" She turned to the steward. "Wherever did they come from? Not from the company?"

"They come in three big boxes yesterday evening," he replied. "Make a nice show, don't they, miss?"

She swung round on me. "I believe you sent them." And then she said, "Oh, how perfectly sweet of you!"

"English flowers," I said. "Just to remind you to come back to England soon."

Before I could realise what she was doing she had slipped an arm around my shoulders and kissed me on the lips.

"That's for the flowers, Noel," she said softly. "For the flowers, and for everything you've done for me." And I was so dumfounded and confused that all I could find to say to her was, "I'll have another of those when you come back."

I didn't wait to see her ship go off, because partings are stupid things and best got over quickly. I went back in the taxi to my flat alone, and I remember that I stood for a long time at the window of my room watching the ornamental wall of the stables opposite, and thinking of her fine new steamer going down the river, taking her away.

She was just such a girl as one would have liked to have for a daughter . . .

She wrote to me from most of the ports she called at. A friend of mine knew the British Adviser to the Raja at Kota Bharu quite well, a Mr. Wilson-Hays, and I got him to write out to Wilson-Hays by air mail, asking him to do what he could for Jean.

She only stayed one night in Singapore, and took the morning plane to Kota Bharu. It wandered about all over Malaya calling at various places, and put her down upon the airstrip at Kota Bharu early in the afternoon.

She got out of the Dakota wearing the same light grey coat and skirt in which she had left London, and Wilson-Hays was there himself to meet the aeroplane, with his wife.

I met Wilson-Hays at the United University Club a year later, when he was on leave. He was a tall, dark, quiet man with rather a long face. He said that she had been a little embarrassed to find that he had come to the airstrip to meet her personally; she did not seem to realise that she was quite a well-known person in that part of Malaya.

Wilson-Hays knew all about her long before we wrote to him, although, of course, he had heard nothing of her since the end of the war. He had sent word to Mat Amin when he got our letter to tell him that she was coming back to see them, and he had arranged to lend her his jeep with a driver to take her the hundred miles or so to Kuala Telang.

He said that the prestige of the British was higher in the Kuala Telang district after the war was over than it was before, due solely to the presence of this girl and her

party; he thought she'd earned the use of a jeep for a few days.

She stayed in the Residency two nights, and bought a few simple articles in the native shops. When she left in the jeep next morning she took with her only what a native woman of good class would take. She wore a faded old blue-and-white chequered sarong, with a white coatee.

She wore sandals as a concession to the softness of her feet, and she carried a plain tan Chinese-type umbrella as a sunshade. She had done her hair up on top of her head in the native style with a large comb in the middle of it. She carried a small palm-leaf basket, but Mrs. Wilson-Hays told her husband there was very little in it; a toothbrush, a towel, and a cake of anti-septic soap and a few drugs.

She took one change of clothes, a new sarong, and a flowered cotton top to match; she took three small brooches and two rings as little presents for her friends, but she took no cosmetics. That was about all she had.

"I thought her very wise to go like that," said Wilson-Hays. "If she had gone dressed as an Englishwoman she'd have made them embarrassed. Some of the English residents were quite upset when they heard she'd gone off in native dress—old school tie, and letting down the side, and all that sort of thing. I must say, when I saw her go, I thought it was rather a good thing to do."

He paused. "After all, it's how she was dressed all through the war, and nobody talks about her letting down the side then."

IT is a long day in a jeep from Kota Bharu to Kuala Telang. It took Jean fourteen hours to cover the distance, and it was dark when they drove into Kuala Telang.

There was a buzz of excitement as the jeep drove through the shadowy village, and people came out of their houses, doing up their sarongs; there was a full moon that night, so that there was light enough to see to drive. They stopped in front of the headman's house, and she got out of the jeep a little wearily and went to him.

She put her hands up in the praying gesture, and said in Malay, "I have come back, Mat Amin, lest you should think the white mems have forgotten all about you when their need is past."

He said, "We have thought and talked about you ever since you went." And then there were people thronging about them, and she saw Fatimah approaching with a baby in her arms and a toddler hanging on to her sarong, and she pushed through the crowd and took her by the hand, and said, "It is too long since we met."

Fatimah was married to a young man called Derahman bin Ismail, and she brought him forward and presented him to the white mem; Jean bowed before him and wished that she had brought a shawl to pull over her face, as would have been polite when being introduced to a strange man.

She made arrangements with Mat Amin for the accommodation of the driver, and then went with Fatimah to her husband's house. They made her a supper of rice and Banchan, the highly spiced paste of ripe prawns and fish that the Malays preserve in an up-ended concrete drain pipe.

Presently, tired out, she made a pillow of her palm-leaf bag and lay down on a mat as she had done so often before and slept. She woke many times, through the night, and watched the moonlight creep around the house, and she was happy.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 9, 1950



"After all, no you'll miss the serial. But how was I to know there wasn't no radio in this car?"

It seems to me . . .

I'M leaving Malaya shortly for Japan having had less time than one needs to learn all the answers. It's possible, of course, that if you stayed too long you'd give up trying to find the answers.

The general situation in the East looks none too bright at time of writing. Apart from Korea there's the war in Indo-China which has been going on for a couple of years. An R.A.A.F. pilot told me that on the courier run to Hongkong recently he saw an actual battle in progress on the ground along the route.

By



Dorothy Drain

UNDOUBTEDLY there's work being done in the Federation of Malaya and in Singapore to remedy the situation which made such fertile ground for the growth of Communism.

Education and welfare programmes, changes in the attitude of white to colored, attempts to solve the problems that exist between the Chinese, Malays, and Indians, are all in progress. Whether these attempts will be successful depends on time available, and sometimes it looks as if there won't be much time.

ALL in all, when you consider the East, the cherry blossom posters of Japan in the airlines office don't seem quite up to date.

AN Australian doesn't have to be unduly sensitive to notice that the White Australia Policy, especially some particular instances of its enforcement, has caused a good deal of resentment.

In a bank here the Chinese teller asked where I came from and said, "You don't let Chinese into your country." I must have looked a little surprised because he added, "I don't have to tell you that."

It was all on a conversational plane but there was enough in the words to show the edge of bitterness.

IT'S a regrettable fact that because the Communist Party uses "Peace" organisations as a front for its activities, the mere mention of world peace as an objective is liable to make an organisation suspect.

Things are getting near the stage when the original dove of peace will be regarded as a white-washed robin redbreast.

Wouldn't it at least be smarter if the Western nations used peace as a propaganda objective, too, instead of leaving it to the Russians?

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. G. F. Fisher, pointed out recently that those who support the appeal for banning the atom bomb by Churches in Russia must not think they are the only fighters for peace.

Peace is something that's earnestly desired by the ordinary man and woman in every country of the world. Anybody who thinks that a new war will be anything but unmitigated tragedy for all is lacking in imagination.

For that matter, you don't need to call on imagination. Professor Marcus Oliphant, eminent atomic scientist, said a few weeks ago: "It would be a disaster for mankind if the hydrogen bomb was used—a case of one bomb, one city."

LIFE-GOES-ON Department (or tries to): A report issued by the Director of the Botanical Gardens in Singapore, published in the "Straits Times" was a masterpiece of understatement.

The director stated that, unfortunately, it had not been possible to collect many new specimens of flora during the year. It seemed, he added, that the best areas for collecting were those infested by bandits.

IN the early part of my stay here I was certainly dogged by gremlins. My typewriter, newly overhauled in Sydney, refused to move except by the laborious method of hitting one letter and hitting the space key.

If you want to drive yourself crazy, try typing a thousand words or one short paragraph that way.

Having turned the machine upside down and peered into it, racked my brains wondering what was supposed to move which, I cried for a mechanic. Even Singapore doesn't produce a typewriter mechanic at 9 p.m.

One came next day and fixed it temporarily, or at least gave it the less trying habit of jumping a considerable distance between each word with little bursts of shooting half a line. After a day of that I was glad to send it away for overhaul and hire a machine.

A couple of days later my watch winder disappeared somewhere in Singapore's teeming streets.

It is commonly supposed to be distressing to lose jewellery or forget a toothbrush, but if you're working while travelling, temporary disturbance to typewriter or watch makes you realise only too harshly what slaves we are to the mechanical age.

ANOTHER twentieth-century addiction, the ball-point pen, seems to have something peculiar happen to it in this climate. Or perhaps these things just happen to me.

It is trying to be almost ready to leave your room for a formal reception and discover you have ink on your face. It would be worse to arrive with it on, though it would help to support the conviction of residents of long standing that Australians are inclined to eccentricity.

I FLEW down from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore in a Malayan Airways plane. The Malay clerk who checked my ticket and passport asked the routine question "Any firearms?" with a gay and friendly smile.

THE Malayan Airways uses DC3's, neat with blue leather seats and cream interiors.

The air hostess was a pretty Malay girl, her English impeccable, wearing white blouse, blue skirt, blue forage cap, and a gold crucifix at her throat.

In the seat pocket there's a fan which comes in handier than a rug would on the hour-and-a-half flight. The passengers included some Englishmen, some Chinese and Malay officials or businessmen, a pretty Chinese girl, beautifully groomed, and an American in a wonderful check cotton hat.



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A.16

J EAN had a talk with Fatimah and Meriam and old Zubeidah next morning, squatting round the cooking pots behind the house out of the way of the men.

"Every day that I have been away I have thought of this place," she said. "I have thought of you all living and working as I lived and worked. I was working in England, working in an office at books in the way that women have to work in my country. As you know, I am a poor woman, and I have to work to earn my living till I find a husband who suits me, and I am very particular."

The women laughed, and old Zubeidah said, "It is very strange that a woman should earn her living in that way."

Meriam said, "There is a woman of our people working in the bank at Kuala Rakit. I saw her through the window. She was doing something with her fingers on a machine, and it went click-click-click."

Jean nodded. "That is how I earn my living in my country, working a machine like that to make a printed letter for the Tuan. But recently my uncle died, and I inherited his money so that now I need not work unless I want to."

A murmur of appreciation went round the women. Two or three more had drifted up to enlarge the circle.

"And now, having money of my own for the first time in my life, I thought more of you here in Kuala Telang than ever before, and of your kindness to us when we lived with you as prisoners. And it came to me that I should give a thank offering to this place, and that this thank offering should be a present from a woman to the women of Kuala Telang, nothing to do with the men."

There was a pleased and excited little buzz among the women who surrounded her. Old Zubeidah said, "It is true, the men get everything."

"I have thought many times," Jean said, "that there should be a well in this place, so that you should not have to fetch fresh water from the spring morning and evening, but you could walk out of your houses only fifty paces at the most and there would be a well."

There was a little buzz of appreciation again.

Jean went on: "There would be smooth stones around the well where you could sit and talk while the young men work the bucket for you. And close beside the well, I would have an atap house for washing clothes, with long alabs of smooth stone or concrete arranged so that you could face each other while you wash, and talk, but all surrounded by an atap wall so that the men will not be able to see."

The buzz rose to an excited clamor.

"This is what I want to do, as a thank offering. I will engage a gang of well diggers, and masons for the stonework, and carpenters to build the washing-house. But for the arrangement inside the house I shall want two or three women of experience to advise me how it should be devised. This is the gift of a woman for women, and in this the men shall do what women say."

There was a long clamor of discussion. Some of the women were doubtful if the men would ever allow such a thing, and some were doubtful whether it was not impious to wish to alter the arrangements that had satisfied their mothers and their grandmothers before them. But most were avid for the innovation.

At the end of a couple of hours they had accepted the idea wholeheartedly, and Jean was satisfied that it would fill a real need, and that there was nothing that they would have preferred her to give.

That evening she sat opposite Mat Amin on the small verandah before his house, as she had sat so many times before when matters that concerned the women had to be discussed. She sipped her coffee.

"I have come to talk with you," she said, "because I want to give a thank offering to this place, that

people may remember when the white women came here and you were kind to them."

He said, "The wife has been talking of nothing else all day, with other women. They say you want to make a well."

Jean said, "That is true. This is a thank offering from all the English men to Kuala Telang, but because we are women it is fitting that it should be a present for the women of this place. When we lived here it was a great labor, morning and evening, to fetch water from the spring. That is why I want my thank offering to be a well in the middle of the village."

He said, "The spring was good enough for their mothers and their grandmothers before them. They will get ideas above their station in life if they have a well."

Such a reaction was only what Jean had anticipated. She smiled gently and said, "Do I have to remind you, Mat Amin, that it is written, 'Men's souls are naturally inclined to covetousness; but if ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.'"

He laughed and slapped his thigh. "You said that to me many times when you lived here, whenever you wanted anything, but I have not heard it since."

"It would be kind to let the women have their well," she said.

He replied, still laughing, "I say this to you, Si-Jean: that when women want a thing as badly as they

OPERA ON A SHOESTRING

A GROUP of New Australians will produce Puccini's opera "Tosca" in Canberra this month. It will cost them only \$215.

An opera, as a rule, eats up thousands of pounds and ticket sales rarely recoup expenses. Most opera houses overseas receive municipal or government subsidies.

These new citizens, who have come from 17 countries, can produce opera on a shoestring because they spend their money mainly on materials for costumes and paint for the stage scenery.

Producer, conductor, members of the cast and chorus, costume designer, and scenery painter don't receive a penny. Even the prima donna sings just for the fun of it; she considers her part in "Tosca" a welcome change from peeling spuds five days a week.

A.M. for September, in story and picture, tells how this opera will be produced. This is just one of the fascinating features in A.M. the national magazine for men and women. Price is still only 1/-.

want this well that you have promised them, they usually get it. But this is a matter which concerns the village as a whole, and I must consult my brothers."

The men sat in conference next morning, squatting on their heels in the shade of the atap market-house. Presently they sent for Jean and she squatted down with them, a little to one side as is fitting for a woman, and they asked her where the well was to be put, and where the atap wash-house.

She said that everything was in their hands, but it would be convenient for the women if it was on the patch of ground in front of Chai San's shop, with the atap wash-house west of it and pointing towards Ahmed's house.

They all got up then and went to see the ground, and discuss it from all angles, and all the women of the village stood around and watched their lords making this important decision, and Jean talking with them almost as if she was an equal.

She did not hurry them; she knew the slowness of their mental processes, the caution with which all innovations were approached. It took them two days to make up

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 24

their minds that the well would be a good thing to have, and that the wrath of God would not descend upon them if they put the work in hand.

Well digging is a skilled craft, and there was one family only on the coast who could be entrusted with the work; they lived about five miles from Kuantan. Mat Amin dictated a letter for the Imam to write in the Jawi script, and then they took it in to Kuala Rakit and posted it.

Jean sent for five sacks of cement from Kota Bharu, and settled down to wait while the situation developed.

She spent much of the time with the fishermen on their boats, or sitting on the beach and playing with the children.

The well diggers and the cement arrived about the same time, and work commenced. The diggers were a family of an old grey-bearded father, Suleiman, and his two sons, Yacob and Hussein. They spent a day surveying the land, and all the arguments for the site chosen for the well had to be gone over once again to satisfy these experts.

When work finally commenced it was done quickly and well. The diggers worked from dawn till dusk, one at the bottom of the shaft and the other two disposing of the soil on top. They bricked it downwards from the top as they worked, supporting the brickwork upon stakes driven into the earth sides.

Old Suleiman, the father, was a mine of information to the village, for he travelled up and down the east coast of Malaya, building and repairing wells, and so visited most villages from time to time.

The men and women of Kuala Telang used to sit around watching the progress of the new well and gossiping with the old man, getting news of their acquaintances and relatives up and down the coast.

One afternoon, Jean said to him, "You are from Kuantan?"

"From Batu Sawah," said the old man. "That is two hours' walk from Kuantan. Our home is there, but we are great travellers."

"Do you remember the Japanese officer in charge at Kuantan in the first year of the war, Captain Sugamo?"

"He is a very bad man, and we were glad when he went away."

She told him: "Captain Sugamo is dead now. The Allies caught him when the war was over, and he was tried for murder, and executed."

"I am glad to hear it," the old man replied. "I will tell my sons."

He called down the well.

Jean asked, "Did he do many evil things in Kuantan?"

There was one still hideously fresh in his mind, but she could not bring herself to speak of it directly.

Suleiman said, "Many people were tortured."

She nodded. "I saw one myself. When we were starving and ill, a soldier who was a prisoner helped us. The Japanese caught him, and they crucified him with nails through his hands, and they beat him to death."

"I remember that," the old man said. "He was in hospital at Kuantan."

Jean stared at him. "Old man, when was he in hospital? He died?"

"Perhaps there were two," He called down the well to Yacob. "The English soldier who was crucified and beaten at Kuantan in the first year of the war. The English men knew him. Tell us, did that man die?"

Hussein broke in. "The one who was beaten was an Australian, not English. He was beaten because he stole chickens."

"Assuredly," the old man said. "It was for stealing the black chickens. But did he live or die?"

Yacob called up from the bottom of the well. "Captain Sugamo had him taken down that night; they pulled the nails out of his hands. He lived."

To be continued



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How much minted gold can you keep, how many sovereigns, how much 24 carat jewellery? Why is gold smuggling such a profitable racket? There is much more to gold than just popping it into the bank—that is if you are over lucky enough to have any.

Read the enlightening article on gold in September issue of "A.M." now on sale.

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How Much Do Women Know About Investments?

The answer is—considerably more than most men imagine. Last November, over 700 women invested in the Sydney County Council's Electricity Undertaking Loan. Now you have an opportunity to invest from £50 or upwards in multiples of that sum in a similar Loan which closes on 16th September, or earlier, if fully subscribed.

Interest is £3/5/- % per annum—appreciably better than bank interest, you'll notice—and can be paid into your savings or current account every six months.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Louisa

MOTHER-IN-LAW trouble is the springboard used in this Universal family farce to launch Grandma Louisa Norton (Spring Byington) into a whirling romance with two elderly suitors, Edmund Gwenn and Charles Coburn.

Told with dignity, charm, and humor, the story sets out to prove that romance is just as important to mature people as it is to younger groups, and provides a good deal of family-type fun in the process.

A lot of it stems from the stunned reactions of Louisa's genial son (Ronald Reagan), her tolerant daughter-in-law (Ruth Hussey), and grandchildren (Piper Laurie and Jimmy Hunt) when she first becomes engaged to marry local grocer Gwenn.

When rival Coburn appears to further complicate their lives the confusion is complete, until the whole thing climaxes in a wedding.

Miss Byington, Coburn, and Gwenn are very good as the romancing trio, and there is enough gay background to hold general interest. In Sydney—the State.

★★ Sunset Boulevard

THERE is much that is poignant, pathetic, and even macabre in Brackett and Wilder's powerful film "Sunset Boulevard," and it gives Gloria Swanson—a natural for the role of the central, flamboyant character—a big movie break.

The story tells, in an uncompromising way, the tragedy of neurotic, egocentric Norma Desmond, old-time movie queen, who was forced to abandon her screen career twenty years before by the advent of sound.

Lolling behind the baroque facade of a decaying mansion, surrounded by reminders of the past, she has nothing but scorn for to-day's Hollywood, and dreams of a triumphant return to the limelight.

Into this unnatural set-up stumbles young, down-at-heel screen writer Joe Gillis (William Holden). Out to pick up some easy money, he remains to help Norma knock her muddled script into shape.

Norma falls in love with Joe, who is a weak but not unsympathetic character, and in jealous rage breaks up his mild romance with a girl of his own age (Nancy Olson), and frustrates his efforts to terminate an unsatisfactory affair.

Eventually Norma's reason snaps altogether when Joe tries to walk out of her life.

The conflict throughout is logical and dramatic.

Added interest is given "Sunset Boulevard" by the appearance of Cecil B. De Mille as himself, Erich von Stroheim as Norma's faithful man-servant, and a covey of old-time

ON OTHER PAGES:

Color shots of Hollywood actors. Page 53
"No Sad Songs For Me." Page 54
Children of British stars. Page 56
Yvonne de Carlo, technicolor beauty. Page 57



JEAN SIMMONS stops for a word with England's crack jockey, Gordon Richards, who has now headed the championship table for several years running. The charming actress is a keen follower of the horses.

troupeurs who were big box-office when Swanson was in her prime.

This question remains—has "Sunset Boulevard" paved the way for a real-life comeback for vital, attractive Gloria Swanson, who had no particular desire to return to the screen until Paramount offered what she thought at first was a minor part in the film?

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★★ Ichabod and Mr. Toad

IN "Ichabod and Mr. Toad" Walt Disney returns to what is probably his most successful medium—all-cartoon adventure.

This full-length technicolor venture links together two well-known folk stories—Mr. Toad from Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," and Washington Irving's tale of Ichabod Crane.

Of the two, Thaddeus Toad, a perky little chap who swaps his motor for an automobile and gets into all sorts of bother until animal friends MacBadger, Rat, Mole, and newcomer Cyril the horse, set him straight, is the most charming.

Romance and eerie events in Sleepy Hollow provide a more violent background for eccentric school-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

master Ichabod Crane, Washington Irving's droll character.

He outwits his virile rival, Brom Bones, for the favor of Katrina Van Tassel at every turn, until one Halloween he has the wits scared out of him when a headless horseman, clothed in scarlet and brandishing a great sword, puts him to flight.

Without breaking new ground, this is a better Disney effort than some in the immediate past. It is cleverly animated, narrated and sung attractively by Basil Rathbone and Bing Crosby.

Apropos criticism levelled at Disney for introducing "threat" cartoon characters, far from subduing the juvenile audience the appearance of the Headless Horseman was a signal for vociferous delight in the tempestuous finale.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

Prize book next week

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly will publish the first instalment of James A. Michener's absorbing "Tales of the South Pacific."

THE book, a collection of short stories, won the Pulitzer Prize for its American author.

Rechristened "South Pacific" the book was adapted as a musical show by ace collaborators Rogers and Hammerstein. Starring Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, it has been running on Broadway since April last year.

James Michener saw the South Pacific during the war when he was an officer in the U.S. Naval Air Arm. Previously he was a Harvard professor of Sociology. He was over 40 when he began to write seriously.

Australian service men and women who were stationed in the islands during the war will realise that these stories give the truth, not only of the grimmer side of fighting but of what happens to men in island bases in the lonely and monotonous periods between battles.

Michener knows all the details, and his men of the South Pacific will live for their essentially human char-



James Michener

acteristics. There is Admiral Kester, an expert in naval strategy, but stumped by a recalcitrant zipper; Tony Fry, who paints his beloved plane, the "Bouncing Belch," with beer bottle insignia; Dr. Benoway, who hits a censorship problem that has nothing to do with military secrets.

Michener brings back to nostalgic memory the comradeship, the dangers, the loneliness, and diversions shared by all servicemen.



DOORWAY TO AUSTRALIA

"If Tasmania possessed no scenic assets other than the Cradle Mountain—Lake St. Clair Reserve, she would still be famous." These words were uttered by a well-known world traveller as he stood enthralled before the exquisite beauty of Lake St. Clair. Tasmania, unforgettable

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A U S T R A L I A N N A T I O N A L A I R W A Y S P T Y . L T D .

Amelia Earhart: Pioneer of the sky

● On July 7, 1937, Amelia Earhart, on the first stages of her round-the-world flight, radioed her husband and U.S. Coast Guards from her plane's position somewhere over the Japanese mandated Howland Island:—

"Circling . . . cannot see island . . . gas is running low."

It was the last word her husband, George Palmer Putnam, and the world were to hear of the famed American airwoman, her navigator Captain Fred Noonan, and the modern Lockheed Electra.

A strong conviction which was not then publicly expressed seized the U.S. Government of the day. It was that the flier had been blown off her course, had flown over Japanese-mandated territory and had seen the preparations that were later to be a stepping stone to Pearl Harbor.

This conviction was strengthened later by the fact that several Americans, including military observers, were to disappear in a similarly mysterious manner when crossing Japan's fortified islands.

The American Navy, ordinarily loath to becoming involved in commercial publicity, consented to a motion picture script which represented the execution of Amelia Earhart on a Japanese island. Nothing, however, came of the script.

Was this then the fate of the lanky tow-headed American woman who, in between pioneering trans-continental, trans-Pacific, and trans-Atlantic flights, was a teacher, social welfare worker, writer, dress-designer, university professor?

In private life she was the wife of American publisher George Palmer Putnam. But, as Putnam says in his 1939 biography of his wife, "Soaring Wings"—"I don't think I ever once introduced her as Mrs. Putnam, it was always Amelia Earhart, or her own designation, 'A.E.'"

In anecdotes of their life together, Putnam gives an intimate slant on married life with a wife who, at the breakfast table, was just as likely to rise non-committally and clear the dishes away as to put down her newspaper and ask casually of her husband: "Would you mind if I flew the Atlantic?"

In fact, that was exactly the way in which A.E. first broached the subject of her 1932 Atlantic solo flight.

A month later, May 20, as the sun set on Harbor Grace airfield, U.S. west coast, A.E. climbed into the cockpit of her Lockheed Vega for the perilous flight. She wore a flying-suit over her jodhpurs and silk shirt, and carried maps, a comb, toothbrush, a scarf or two, thermos, and tomato juice.

Fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes later Amelia landed in a pasture in Donegal, Ireland, to be met by Dan McCallion running out from the byre by a cottage.

"I've come from America," A.E. said. "Do ye be tellin' me that now?" said Dan McCallion, shaking the hand of the woman who was the second person to fly the Atlantic solo, and the first to cross it twice by air.

Amelia's attitude towards her flights is found in the title of one of the two books she wrote—"The Fun of It."

"I flew because I wanted to—just for the fun of it," she said.

Into her "Bunk" files she put all the publicity about her, the songs and poems dedicated to her, and expressions of praise apostrophising her as the woman of the ages.

One telegram received from the mayor of a great city she was about to visit, "Welcome,

thrice welcome, grand Lady of the Air, crowned glory of earth's womanhood," she sent to her secretary with a marginal note, "Show this to G.P." (her husband) "so he may appreciate me."

Her medals, including Knight of the Legion of Honor from France, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold from Belgium, gold medal from the National Geographic Society, she kept hidden away in a small suitcase.

Noticeably resembling Lindbergh in many Press photographs, the airwoman had a definite inferiority complex about her looks.

Once, her husband relates, she and Mrs. Roosevelt compared notes on their common lot, and agreed that when one was made to look like a gargoyle there was nothing really to do but grin.

"I tried to convince A.E. that often she was very lovely indeed to look at," wrote her husband, "but she would only grin and say, 'You're prejudiced.'"

"And Mrs. Roosevelt," he adds, "could be very unfair to herself, too; as a matter of fact, the intelligence and fine spirit of both women have always shone through even the worst pictures made of them."

Amelia Putnam's appearance, however, was often a shock to people meeting her for the first time.

Expecting someone who flew oceans and tinkered with motors to be a massive, mannish individual, big-footed, heavy-handed, and with a deep bass voice, they found instead a graceful, lithe, Peter-Pan figure with laughing grey eyes, intelligent, sensitive face, a soft voice, and beautiful hands.

Born in Atchison, Kansas, in 1897, Amelia's first "flight" took place when, with the help of her sister Muriel and a couple of neighborhood kids, she built a "billy cart" out of some old boards and roller skate wheels.

Placing some planks up against a shed, she dragged the cart to the "starting point"—the top of the shed—and careered madly down the planks.

"Oh Pidge! Lucy! It's wonderful. It's like—flying. I flew!" she cried.

The Earhart girls' grandfather was a Lutheran minister, and their father a lawyer.

Both parents encouraged the girls in enjoying freedom from the conventional behaviour of accepted mid-Victorian standards.

They wore brief gym suits with bloomers, they were encouraged to bring spiders, toads, and other garden fauna into the house, and their father built them special speedy low-slung sleds for coasting in winter.

Amelia became a nurses' aid in a military hospital, took a motoring course, and in 1921 left for California to join her father.

Visiting an airfield with her father, she decided to learn to fly.

Her first instructor was the fabulous Neta Snook, one of the first women to take up flying after the Great War.

Finding that people expected a flier to look like one, Amelia bought what was to constitute the main part of her wardrobe for



AMELIA EARHART, wearing her leather flying-costume, greets the welcoming crowd as she arrives in England in 1932.

life, the first of her leather coats. To give the coat a veteran, wrinkled appearance she put it over her nightgown and slept in it for three nights, and spent hours rubbing the sheen off it.

Her first plane was a small second-hand one which her mother helped her to buy.

In Boston in 1928, when Amelia was teaching and doing social welfare work, she was invited to fly the Atlantic in a Fokker plane, "The Friendship," piloted by Bill Stultz and carrying a mechanic, Gordon.

It was Amelia's first meeting with her future husband, George Palmer Putnam, who had been commissioned by the flight's backers to find a typical American woman to make the trip.

The successful flight launched Amelia's career and the following crowded ten years of her public life.

On arriving in London from their landing point in Wales, "The Friendship" crew were feted at social gatherings. Amelia and the Prince of Wales (Duke of Windsor) danced together, and, it is said, mutually agreed that fliers are apt to be good dancers.

Writing of Amelia's marriage to him in 1931, Putnam described it as "sheer sacrifice for A.E." She could not bear the thought of losing her freedom, her individualism.

On the morning of the wedding the bridegroom received a long letter.

"Please do not let us interfere with the other's work or play, nor let the world see our private joys or disagreements."

The marriage had culminated a long period of client-manager relationship during Amelia's varied activities—her flights, her writing (a book and articles incidental to her new job as Associate Editor of the "Cosmopolitan"), and her lecture tours.

People who criticised Amelia's presence "in the air" instead of "in the house" con-

FAMOUS WOMEN

cluded she had a Wasp engine for a brain and an altimeter for a heart.

Amelia replied by saying that women should have an opportunity equal to that of men to develop their aptitudes. "Why should marriage be a cyclone cellar into which a woman retreats from failure in other spheres?" she asked.

Agreeing, her husband describes her as the most thoughtful and intelligent of women and wives.

"Lest you think that a woman who chose to shepherd a great plane 'around the world at its waistline' was at all unwomanly, let me say that the frank affection and sometimes wistful loneliness of her letters would warm the heart of any husband," he wrote.

"These letters were really messages scratched in pencil on pages of her log-books, torn out and folded into any envelope that came to hand. Mostly they were written at the end of a long day as she turned in, dog-tired, with a dawn take-off only a few hours ahead."

During a visit to the Roosevelts in 1933, A.E. suddenly asked Mrs. Roosevelt after dinner if she would like to go for a night flight with her in an Eastern Airlines ship.

"Why, yes," said the First Lady, giving a quick smooth to her delicate satin gown. "Why, yes—of course. Someone fetch me a coat—and" she turned to A.E., smiling like a conspirator, "a hat too, I suppose?"

So the two, with a party of friends, went aloft, A.E. still wearing her white gloves as she piloted the plane.

Among her other projects, A.E. had taken up dress-designing, and Schiaparelli found her inspirations—miniature oil-caps for buttons, silver air screws for fasteners—"enthralling."

One night in early 1935 A.E. was in lounging pyjamas near the fire, reading the evening paper, when her husband came home.

"I want to fly the Pacific soon," she announced by way of greeting.

Her husband, with his brief-case and an arm full of papers, leaned against the arched doorway and said, "You mean from San Francisco to Honolulu?"

A.E. straightened a topaz link in one of her cuffs. "No, the other way."

A few weeks later, leaving, as was her habit, letters only to be opened if she didn't survive, she left Honolulu for San Francisco.

The flight was successful, and she followed it a few months later by flying from Los Angeles to Mexico. She set off again on a record non-stop flight from Mexico City to Newark, the first person to make the flight.

In 1935 Amelia was appointed Counsellor in Careers for Women and Adviser on Aeronautics at Purdue University.

She threw herself conscientiously into this work, and two years later the President of Purdue, Dr. Elliott, announced that a fund of 50,000 dollars had been subscribed to be known as the Amelia Earhart Fund for Aeronautical Research. A plane, a Lockheed Electra, would be purchased for her.

On February 11, Amelia announced that she intended to fly round the globe, some 27,000 miles—a feat never previously attempted. On March 17 the flight was under way from Oakland, and on March 18 the Lockheed touched down at Wheeler Field, Honolulu—2410 miles in 15 hours 47 minutes.

During the dawn take-off next day the ship crashed on the runway, and the wrecked Lockheed returned to California for repairs.

By June 1 the stubborn, undaunted Amelia and the new Electra were ready for the venture once more—this time with the starting point at Miami.

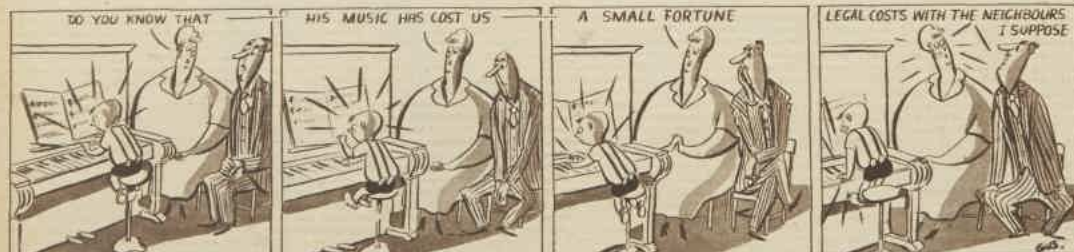
At dawn a great crowd had gathered at the airport. At four minutes past six Amelia closed and fastened the hatch, and thirty seconds later the plane was in the air.

From the roof of the Administration Building her husband and his son David watched the silver Electra rise, wheel, and disappear south-eastward into the morning.

A month later Amelia Earhart, Fred Noonan, and the Electra disappeared somewhere near Howland Island.

● Books to read for further details of the life of Amelia Earhart include: "The Fun of It," by Amelia Earhart; "Wild Blue Yonder," by Gauvreau Emile-Henry; "Soaring Wings," by George Palmer Putnam.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

Night or Day...

WORK OR PLAY...

Johnson's Baby Powder

Preserves Complete Personal Freshness

For feeling fresh, looking fresh and staying fresh at
work or play . . . night or day . . . you need the soothing
comfort and protection of Johnson's Baby Powder. It's the
safer, surer way to personal daintiness — and the most
popular way, too. Because Johnson's is the personal choice
of millions of men and women all over the world!



AND DO REMEMBER...

you'll love the gentle, yet thorough cleansing of Johnson's Baby Soap in your bath or shower . . . You'll revel in those new, streamlined jars of Johnson's Baby Cream — so perfect for cosmetic use . . . You'll adore soothing, comforting, Johnson's Baby Oil — to chase away skin irritations . . . Like famous Johnson's Baby Powder, they're all

"Best for Baby . . . Best for you!"

You're lovely in...

HILTON
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Nylons



Here's how to capture that slim, sleek look... wear **HILTON *Fifty-one*** nylons... they're not just ordinary nylons, you can really see the difference.

In exciting shades to match your suit or frock... Radiant Tan, Sun Valley, Intrigue, Moonstone, Reflection and Caravan.

You'll be sure of your loveliness when you buy **HILTON *Fifty-one*** nylons... 14/3 pair

HILTON
Fifty-one
NYLONS

LOVELY TO LOOK AT... LOVELIER TO WEAR

Dancing Dutch Princesses



DRESSED as snowy-white clouds, little ballerinas wait to go on stage at fairy-tale ballet performance in Amsterdam. Netherlands Princess Margriet (third from right) looks rather nervous, but by the time the clouds danced on, the Royal ballerina had forgotten her stage-fright.



CARRYING A WAND and wearing a spangled dress, Princess Irene was the Good Fairy, but not so glamorous was Crown Princess Beatrix as an urchin in the ballet called "The Glutton."



PANTALOONS, striped frocks, and pinafores brought color to Hans Andersen's "The Little Match Girl." Princess Irene (third from right) is one of the thoughtless wealthy girls.

★ Everyone in Holland knows Crown Princess Beatrix, Princess Irene, Princess Margriet, and little Princess Maria. But very few in the audience at a ballet performance at Amsterdam had ever heard of Mariette van den Berg, Rosmitha van den Bos, and Barbara van den Brink. When the curtain went up, they were amazed to see that three of their Princesses were dancing with the other girls under assumed names.

Beatrix (12), Irene (11), and Margriet (7) had chosen the names for themselves, because they wanted to be just like all the other children who flitted round the stage on their tip-toes.



UNCONSCIOUSLY striking a ballet pose, Princess Irene looks like a painting by Degas as she leans on the piano listening to the music. Crown Princess Beatrix, second from right.



BRANDISHING a broom, Princess Beatrix, disguised as a vixen, tries to drive the Glutton away. For weeks before performance the Princesses practised their dancing. At the right Princess Irene, facing camera, takes the part of a shy girl, who is chosen by the Cloud for a special dance.



EXTERIOR PAINTING

Available in lovely Light Creams, Ivories, Stone Colours! Rich "trim" colours, too!

Something new had to be done to make painting more worth its cost in relation to high property values! The result is "DULUX" HI-GLOSS PAINT—which now affords all property the super protection its value warrants! Now, the new painting age has started with this wonderful new Exterior "Dulux" Paint, the biggest single basic advance in exterior paint-making for 45 years! To make it easier to remember, you could logically call this new paint "EXTERIOR DULUX."

"DULUX" HI-GLOSS PAINT gives the well-known durable "Dulux" beauty to all OUTSIDE surfaces!

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The long-established Miracle Finish
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interior decoration and for surfaces sub-
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periodical cleaning (e.g., motor cars).

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388-LINE
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THE DULUX SHOW
with "JACK DAVEY—STAR-MAKER"
Hilarious half-hour of fun every week!
51 Stations Throughout Australia

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Send this coupon to British Australian Lead Manufacturers
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very simply outlining the application of "Dulux" Brushing
Finish and "Exterior Dulux." Free and Post-free.

NAME

ADDRESS

WW990



OPPORTUNITY of bringing himself to Jane's attention is just what Bill has been waiting for. When a chance comes he discreetly seizes it, offering to help her with the heavy ledgers she is collecting. She is impressed by his nice manners and general helpfulness.



FOLLOW-ON. The next day Bill asks Jane to lunch, finding out if she likes Chinese food before selecting a Chinese restaurant. Lunch enables them to get to know each other, without being committed in any way.

Office Romance

NO girl likes to feel that a boy with whom she works is trying to use their business acquaintanceship to force his attentions on her.

Knowing this, many well-mannered young men are reluctant to start an office romance, although they may sincerely desire to do so.

These pictures show how a girl and a man who work in the same office may develop a romantic interest in each other. Note particularly the trap they avoid.



WRONG WAY to conduct an office romance. Glowering boss watches while employees upset office routine by flirting in the firm's time.



RIGHT WAY. Jane and Bill keep their interest in each other for strictly out-of-office hours. At work they treat each other with impersonal friendliness, not letting their growing affection interfere with the efficiency that their boss is entitled to expect of them.

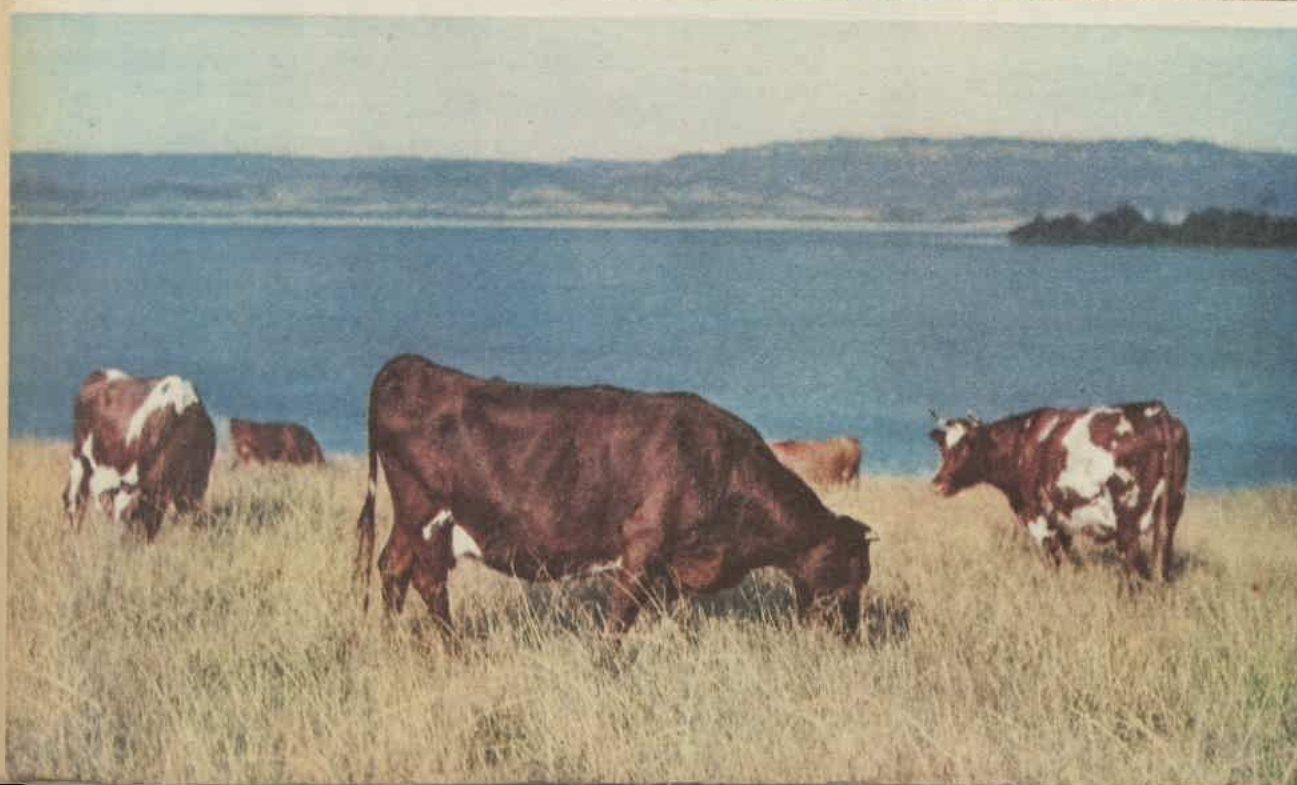


CONSOLIDATING romance. Happy hours like this spent together during week-ends give Jane and Bill time to get to know each other — something they must do if they are to share the future.



OFFICE ROMANCE has happy ending when on the night of the staff ball their boss announces Jane and Bill's engagement. Both have won new popularity by their sensible behaviour.

Rich beauty of Australia's peaceful farmlands . . .



ROADSIDE kiosk on the Prince's Highway at Dapto, in the Illawarra district. Fruit and vegetables, fresh from the farm, are on display to attract the motorist. (Above.)

+++

ILLAWARRA Shorthorn cattle grazing by the side of Lake Illawarra, on the property of Mr. N. L. A. Correll, at Berkeley. The district offers good fishing as well as being a dairying centre. (Left.)

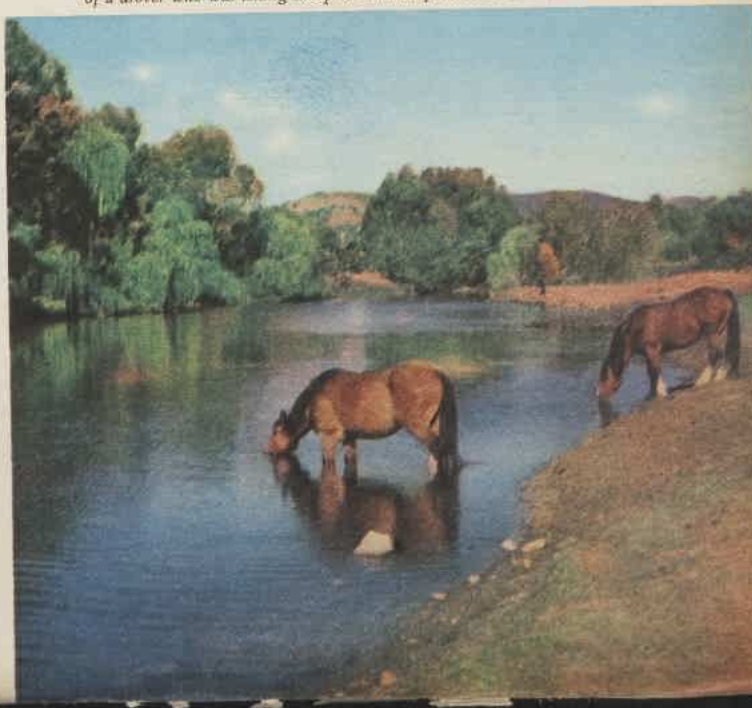
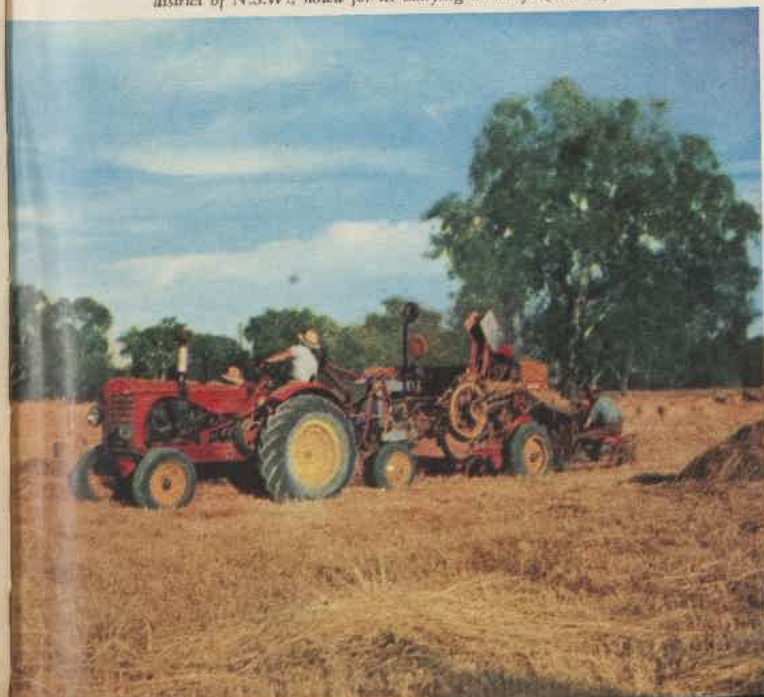
● The color photographs on these pages and on the cover were taken by Mr. Leo A. Lyons, of Port Kembla, N.S.W. Mr. Lyons, who is a metallurgist, is an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society. His wife and son Robert, aged 16, are also keen photographers. Robert and his sister Joy, aged nine, often act as models. These pictures were taken during the family's holiday trips. Cover shows children at Berkeley, on Lake Illawarra, waiting for a milk truck.

The Australian Women's Weekly, September 9, 1958 — Page 37



HAYMAKING may be back-breaking work for farmers, but children count it as fun. Two happy little girls help to stack hay on a farm at Berkeley, in the rich Illawarra coastal district of N.S.W., noted for its dairying industry. (Above.)

TRACTOR baling oats on Mr. F. W. Heath's property, near Albury (below, left). At right: Draught horses drinking in the Tumut River. They had been hauling the caravan of a drover who was taking sheep to summer pastures at Mt. Kosciusko.



That clear, smooth PEARS skin

Babies
have it...



Grandma
has it...



YOU can have it, too!

The simplest beauty routine in the world—just water and mild, pure Pears—will give you that clear, smooth Pears skin. No wonder Pears soap is a tradition with beautiful brides—like Mrs. Peter Morrett (the former Valma Tait of East Kew, Melbourne, Vic., pictured here on her wedding day. From the moment you breathe the gentle fragrance of fine ingredients patiently matured you know that Pears is different from all other soaps.



Mrs. Peter Morrett, (the former Miss Valma Tait) of East Kew, Melbourne, Vic., a lovely Pears Bride.

FROM CLEAR, PURE PEARS SOAP...
A CLEAR, SMOOTH PEARS SKIN

Pears

PL 49.1182g



"DRI-GLO" Naps... for Baby's Comfort

"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton—beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic—goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warped yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-soft nursery towels for baby.

AVAILABLE AT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

BB 52-2

Office worker's hit play...

Thriller set in convent to be staged here

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

A greying Englishwoman has shocked her husband and surprised herself by writing a London stage hit.

Critics have praised her play, West End audiences have cheered it, and Hollywood has bought the rights for £10,000 sterling.

UNTIL this success came upon her, shy Charlotte Hastings—that is the name under which she writes—was an average Englishwoman doing a mundane job.

Each day she used to catch the 8.31 from Pinner, in Middlesex, to work in an advertising office in the heart of London.

Before leaving, she would clean her flat—a flat so tiny that you could do most of the cleaning from where you sat in an armchair.

Charlotte had been a keen theatregoer for 20 years. She was an omnivorous reader, too, but her favorite delight was to read a play, hear a play, or see a play.

From a seat in the stalls, or curled up beside the radio, she projected her mind beyond the story of the play and the players. She considered how the play was built, how the playwright managed this or that entrance, how he kept the action propped up during the second act, how he contrived atmosphere and suspense, how he got a good curtain at the end of the act.

A small boy pulls engines to bits and is on his way to becoming an engineer. Charlotte Hastings pulled plays to bits and was on her way to becoming a playwright.

She had already written two plays, and they were bad. Or so she says. She threw them out. Then she got the idea for "Bonaventure," as she called it. Already she had found out how to put three acts together and make a fair job. All she needed was a good central idea. Now she had one.

Idea from war job

IT came from a convent hospital where she had worked as a Red Cross nurse during the war. Though she is not a Catholic, she was deeply impressed by the atmosphere of the convent and the work and humanity of the Sisters of Charity who ran it. She made some lifelong friends among them.

"I got the idea for a thriller set against the convent background," she said.

"Travelling to work, at lunch, in snack bars, I used to turn over details in my mind, bit by bit. I wrote it that way—bit by bit—at night and over the weekends.

"When it was in reasonable shape, I put it in the hands of a good agent. Then I went on with my work and my life and thought little more about it."

Here was an ordinary woman going to work in the Tube. Fellow-passengers pressed around her in the morning rush might have wondered one morning what private happiness this little greying person was smiling at.

She had sold her play. Not to any tinpot concern, either, but to Linnit and Dunfee, one of the Big Three who between them manage almost all of West End theatreland.

"That was two years ago," Charlotte told me, and took a sip at a Martini.

"We opened a tour at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. Dame Irene Vanbrugh played the lead as the Mother Superior, who has to shelter a woman, condemned for murder, during a flood, and, gradually becoming convinced of her

innocence, sets out to prove it.

"Dame Irene fell ill in the last week of the tour before the London opening. Her last lines in 'Bon-



DORIS FITTON, one of Australia's best-known producers, will play the role of Sister Mary Bonaventure when Charlotte Hastings' play comes to Australia. Fay Compton had this role in London performances.



CHARLOTTE HASTINGS, the shy English wife who wrote the hit play "Bonaventure" (above). She does not like talking about herself, but will discuss plays for hours.

DIANA PERRYMAN, Sydney actress (right), will act in an Australian production of "Bonaventure" this year. She will take the part of an innocent woman condemned as a murderess.



venture" were the last words of her great career on the stage: "God be with you."

"Fay Compton took over her part. I think it was only when I was walking down the Strand and saw my name up there beside Fay Compton's that I realised this was all happening to me. My heart jumped. It gave me quite a turn.

"As for the reception on its first night—that was beyond my dreams."

That first night in the West End might have overwhelmed even an experienced author. Charlotte had to be coaxed out from the wings into the glare of the footlights to answer repeated calls of "Author!"

She looked about, scared and bewildered. People were even standing up and applauding. There were cheers, too. It was all for her.

"Bonaventure" ran for six months in London. It is now on tour again until the end of the year.

Theatrical interests have bought the play for production in South Africa, Sweden, Germany, and France. And it will be in Australia by the end of the year.

A.Z.T.E.C. Services, of Melbourne, have bought the Australian rights.

Sydney actress and producer Doris Fitton will play the title role of Sister Mary Bonaventure, and Sarah Carn, the hunted heroine, will be played by Sydney actress Diana Perryman.

The success of the play has released Charlotte from her daily trip from Pinner to Holborn in London.

Now that she is an established professional playwright she has given up her advertising job and is relaxing for the first time in years.

"What do I do first of all?" she said. "Well, put the money in the bank while we think about getting a cottage in the country—I think most writers yearn for that. But I'm not a rustic; it will have to be a cottage with all modern conveniences."

But Charlotte Hastings has a secret from her new public. She will not give her real name, nor say who is her husband.

"He is in the advertising business," she said. "I promised him a long time ago that he would not be brought into the publicity I've been getting over the success of my play. And I might want him to do me a favor one day."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 9, 1950

England de-lustres this
rayon especially for our
Australian Summer.

Cool!

Super Merriespun is de-lustred by a special process. It stays smooth... never works up any surface fuzz even after repeated washings. It's that fuzz which feels hot against your skin... but you will never see this fuzz on Super Merriespun. That's why... in Super Merriespun... you will always feel so cool.

Patterns and colors are exciting... different. Super Merriespun is sold in ready-made frocks or by the yard at stores everywhere.

Super Merriespun

A Cepea Fabric

Guaranteed Fast

Guaranteed Crease-Resisting

Guaranteed Washable



This is a pattern of **MAYFIELD** — a super-smart mercerised cotton in brilliant patterns for play clothes, beach clothes and holiday wear. It is another of the famous Cepea fabrics. Mayfield is sold by the yard at all leading stores throughout Australia. Also in frocks by "Rosecroft" and "Suncharmer".

Step into Spring in the new styles by

Adelym

from all fashion stores

Grafton
ANTI SHRINK
FABRICS

- * CANNOT SHRINK
- * CANNOT STRETCH
- * CANNOT FADE
- * EASY TO WASH
- * EASIER TO DRY
- * EASIEST TO IRON
- * GUARANTEED!



Grafton HOMEWEAVE

Grafton GRAFAINE

Grafton LAVENELLE

First for Fit — First for Finish — First for Fashion

Never say "rats" to a capybara



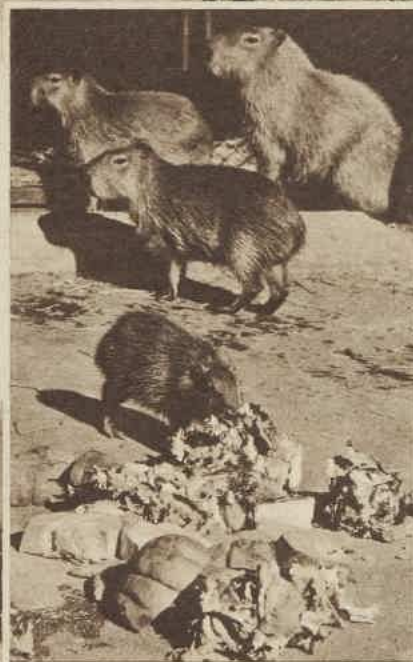
SNObS. Although they are only rodents, capybaras like to think they're as dignified as camels.

THE capybara is the world's largest rodent, and much too proud to admit that he belongs to the same family as the rat. He comes from the swamps of South America.

The capybara population at Taronga Park Zoo increased recently by three babies.

Capybaras are born swimmers, and those at the zoo spend warm spring days in a specially constructed pool.

Mr. "Chick" Cody, who looks after the capybaras, has placed bricks round the rim of the pool so that the youngsters can climb out easily.



PRECOCIOUS. Baby capybaras are weaned within an hour of birth, enabling mother to keep up her social engagements. Left: Their own pool at Taronga Park is so much more private than the crowded Amazon River.



TAKE no notice of the local rats. We can beat them for beauty and weight (mother hits the 30-pound mark).



The name "COUNTRY CLUB" evokes Clarks' rather special range of 'tailored' walking shoes. When a 'Casual' is too casual, a Skyline too light, a brogue too heavy; when a tailored suit is worn, when it's lunch-time, when you're driving to the club . . . the country club . . . this is the range for you.

Here is just one of them—"Jessica"—in brown and white calf, classically embellished, beautifully finished.



Clarks

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NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



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Don't let these eyes . . .



become these . . .



Take care of your precious eyes in every possible way — by professional advice, and glasses if need be, and by the ready use of Optrex in regular eye hygiene and for all minor eye troubles, such as styes, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammations, colds in the eye — and just plain tiredness.

Optrex
the EYE LOTION

Morning to night...

FROM Victor Stiebel and Mattli, two of England's leading designers, come these four models, photographed in color in the designers' salons.

Each style shows new high fashion features while retaining the simplicity which is more than ever the keynote of all smart dressing.

The disappearance of the sleeve from casual and resort frocks and from plain cottons is important, while in the more dressy suits for town the pouched line, first made popular in autumn, continues.

All sheer fabrics are the newest and most glamorous for frocks specially designed for the cocktail hour and after, and they are also used for elegant, formal evening gowns.



● For around the house or for lounging in the sun, choose a simple casual such as the one above designed by Mattli.



● The suit, above, designed by Victor Stiebel, is of spotted silk surah, and is perfect for shopping, lunch, or tea in town.



● Chiffon is used by Victor Stiebel for a colorful frock, at left. Ideal for cocktail wear or an informal evening outing.

● Tiered tulle makes the romantic evening gown, at right, from Victor Stiebel. It is an ideal gown for a ball or reception.



Eary Hordern's Paris Notes.



Here are seven designs that exploit the smartness of black and white.

1—Balenciaga's white linen with black sash.

2—Hermes' strapless white-trimmed black sports frock with a little bolero lined with white.

3—Fath's white linen, bow-fronted, with reversible black-and-white flared jacket cleverly cut to show the bow on the frock.

4—Carven's youthful pleated white top worn over a knife-slim skirt.

5—Balmain's low-backed white pleated tulle frock with black velvet ribbon and white flowers.

6—Carven's black velvet evening frock with white eyeleted bodice and flying panels from waist.

7—Balenciaga's superb white pique coat with very full fluted basque over pencil-slim skirt.

Dorothy Johnston



The Spring Designs are here from

Anti-Shrink

by

Grafton

Cannot Shrink • Cannot Stretch
Easy to Wash • Easier to Dry

The astounding Anti-Shrink qualities of these lovely Grafton dresses are being demonstrated in a color film which is now being shown in all the leading movie theatres of Australia. You'll see two women of identical height, wearing identical dresses, dive into a swimming pool. When they come out you'll see how one of the dresses, which the material has not been treated by the Anti-Shrink process, has shrunk by six inches. You will also see that the Anti-Shrink dress has not shrunk by a fraction of an inch.

In frocks by "COMMANDER", "ADELYN" or "ROSECROFT" or by the yard at all leading stores.

You can wash a Grafton Anti-Shrink dress as often as your stockings. In color, length and texture it stays like new.



from England!

Shrink

Grafton

Stretch • Cannot Fade
Dry • Easiest to Iron

by Grafton fabrics
now being shown
you'll see two girls
in a swimming
the dresses, in
Shrink
see



GOAL! Only a few years back, it was not considered 'lady-like' to play basket-ball! Today, basket-ball is a favourite game throughout Australia—especially with the girls—who play it fast and well, and love every minute of it.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your first taste proves the quality of Mac Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavour of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the Extra Cream. Ask for "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block. Made by Mac Robertson, the Great Name in Confectionery.

ED7



See your skin improve under this gentle care

Oatine

Skin Aids

Cream
Snow
Powder Base
Skin Lotion
Hand Lotion

Miss Strawberry and the Sergeant

Continued from page 7

SHE looked very small and fragile and afraid, and again the Sergeant felt a wave of sympathy for her. She was alone. The Sergeant saw that she wasn't just being silly about a lot of dead, inconsequential cats. He suddenly understood that the thing went much deeper than that. A man could feel strongly about a dog or a horse; maybe cats could mean as much to a woman. These animals had been her friends. Her only friends.

He supposed they'd waited for her on the steps in the afternoon when she came home from the embassy, sick of the sound of her typewriter and the bossy voice of that fool Rees.

"I'll tell 'em at the embassy you're sick," the Sergeant said. "Have you got a pick and shovel?"

Miss Shrewsbury shook her head. "Well, I'll get a pick and shovel. I'll be back soon. We'll have to bury them, you know."

"Yes," she said tonelessly.

At the embassy the Sergeant reported to Mr. Rees that Miss Shrewsbury was off color, that it was nothing serious—she'd probably be in to-morrow. Then he borrowed a pick and shovel from the gardener and drove up the hill again. Miss Shrewsbury had not moved from her chair.

The Sergeant collected the cats in a basket and took them behind the house. Miss Shrewsbury stayed on the verandah while he buried them. He piled a few large rocks on the grave to keep stray dogs from digging into it; then he went around to the verandah again. Miss Shrewsbury was dry-eyed now, sitting rather stiffly in her chair, looking straight ahead.

"Is there anything more I can do?" the Sergeant asked.

"Thank you very much. No."

But there was something he could do and on the way down the hill he thought of it. Somewhere he would find a cat, at least one cat, and take it to Miss Shrewsbury. Being such a lady, she might not want to take a gift from a tough old marine who was only a servant at the embassy. But all in a rush the Sergeant made up his mind to do it.

About five o'clock the Sergeant asked permission to go to the centre of town on personal business. There was a man he knew named Gomez who was a trader in everything—old books, new beds, used automobiles, in fact, almost everything. It took Gomez just ten minutes to find a cat. This was a fat cat, bright yellow, and Gomez was willing to sell it.

The cat was pretty, as cats go. The Sergeant paid what was asked and tied the animal to a pedal on the floor of the truck for the ride to Miss Shrewsbury's. He climbed the steps of her bungalow with the cat securely in his arms. On the top step he paused. Miss Shrewsbury was still in the same chair.

"I've come back," the Sergeant said.

"Oh," said Miss Shrewsbury.

"This cat," Sergeant Forster said. "I thought you might like it. To keep. A friend of mine gave it to me, and I got no place to keep it. How do you feel now?"

For quite a long while Miss Shrewsbury simply stared at the Sergeant. He had nothing more to say. He was afraid that if he took

a step he'd knock something over and break it. It was embarrassing, and he felt like running away. But Miss Shrewsbury's eyes held him there. She began to cry.

"Why, gosh!" Sergeant Forster said. "Don't do that."

Miss Shrewsbury rose from her chair and, dabbing at her cheeks with her handkerchief, approached the Sergeant and held out her arms. He gave her the cat.

"But of course I can't accept it," she said, low.

"Why not?" the Sergeant said. "I mean, it's only a cat—"

"No," she said.

Sergeant Forster understood. Miss Shrewsbury was being a lady. There were strict regulations of conduct, and he'd made a mistake, all right—he'd made a mistake! The Sergeant was getting mad.

"It's only a cat," he said again.

"And you're going to take it," he spoke sharply. "I don't want any more nonsense out of you, Miss Shrewsbury. I can give you a cat if I want to, and you can take it. Go back and sit down."

He saw the quick movement of her shoulders as, startled, she caught



"I paint what I see."

her breath. She watched him closely, backing away. Then she sat, holding the cat. "It's a pretty cat," she said, almost whispering. "I won't try to say thank you."

"You don't have to," the Sergeant said.

She stroked the cat and it purred. Her face was composed again. Inside the house a clock struck. From the force of old habit Miss Shrewsbury nodded to each stroke separately. "Can it be six!" she said.

"Six," the Sergeant said.

"But you—you've missed your tea!"

She made it sound like a disaster. The Sergeant found himself laughing. He never drank tea, he said.

"But surely, then," Miss Shrewsbury said, "a whisky, Sergeant Forster?"

The Sergeant looked at his wrist-watch, confirming the time. He had

once chauffeured the ambassador for a week, and he remembered that at six o'clock the ambassador always took a whisky and soda.

The Sergeant said thanks, he'd stay and have just one whisky and soda. He held the cat while Miss Shrewsbury brought a bottle and its accessories.

There was only a little whisky, but of a celebrated brand. Later Miss Shrewsbury brought out a small tin of caviar. The Sergeant tried it. It tasted strange but good. He had a second whisky.

They talked about the people in the embassy, and once Miss Shrewsbury actually chuckled aloud at what the Sergeant said—off the record—about Mr. Rees. They discovered that neither of them liked Mr. Rees very much.

"You must do me a favor, Sergeant Forster," Miss Shrewsbury said suddenly. "You must do me the honor of staying for dinner."

The Sergeant hesitated. He knew the Bishop sometimes stayed for dinner—but he was not the Bishop. And in a little place like this you had to be careful of the gossip.

"I'm afraid not," the Sergeant said, and his voice sounded honestly regretful.

"Of course we would dine here on the verandah." Tactfully Miss Shrewsbury made it plain that the Sergeant needn't set foot inside the house. The Sergeant understood and nodded his acceptance. Miss Shrewsbury smiled and went inside to prepare the dinner.

The dinner included native mutton, broccoli from the hills, and canned peas. Sergeant Forster enjoyed it thoroughly. At Miss Shrewsbury's suggestion, he lingered to watch the moon rise above towering mountains. It had been a very long time since he'd seen the moon quite that way. Sharing it, you might say.

In the old days, when he was a very young marine, he'd ridden in those very mountains on many a patrol under a moon as big and shining as to-night's. Gave a man moon fever, it did, and brought back old dreams he thought he had forgotten.

Oh, he'd had his fair bit of dreaming, long ago, and run after the girls a lot in his time. He'd never have believed, back then, that he'd end up his years still on the foreign shore, and still living alone. He had his own house, with no debts on it; he loved his garden—too big a garden, really, for one person to take care of. He told Miss Shrewsbury about his house and garden, and about the old days in the marines.

He sat much later than he'd intended. At midnight he shook Miss Shrewsbury's hand; and only later, driving down the hill, did it occur to him that she had not asked him to come back for another visit. She hadn't said, "Please come again," the way people always did, even if they didn't mean it. She hadn't said anything at all; she had simply extended her hand for the Sergeant to shake.

And suddenly the Sergeant knew why. He'd talked too much; he'd talked the whole evening without letting the old girl get a word in edgewise. And Miss Shrewsbury, being a lady, had been too well-bred to cut him short. The Sergeant cursed, wondering what had got into him. He wasn't usually much of a talker.

Please turn to page 74

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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Teenage triumphs

• Any teenager who includes these four American styles in her wardrobe will be smartly dressed for all occasions.



• Three-piece linen suit has a lettuce-green jacket and slim skirt with fly pleats. Newest note is the collared white pique weskit. Note the longer jacket.



• Plaids will stay in for the coming season, and this plaid cotton dress is made with a deep V-neckline and tiny cap sleeves topped by a brief, self-edged capelet.



• Off-the-shoulder V-neckline is important in the white cotton teenage frock, above.



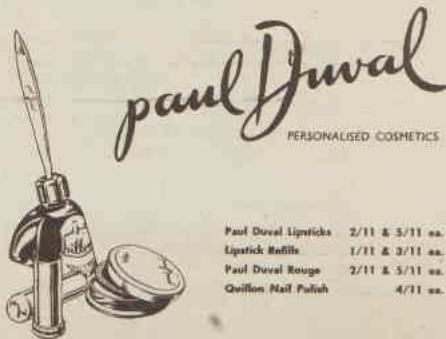
• White butcher linen with black-trim trim is used to make complete beach outfit, at right.



it must be really,

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TEENA

BY Linda Terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your work may prove more tiring this week, so take extra care of your health, especially from September 10 to 12. Watch nerves and use discretion in your diet.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): You have clear sailing until the week-end, when money matters or love affairs could go wrong. Be extra cautious on September 10 to avoid losses, setbacks, or separations. Carelessness is likely on this day.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A tendency towards family misunderstandings and upsets could mar the week-end. Avoid arguments, extravagance, and try not to offend. Watch assets and do not leave property unguarded on Sunday.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A good week to expand your intellectual and social life, with September 10 probably the most active day. Take advantage of all opportunities, but try to be tactful in speech and check over correspondence for anything which may lead to misunderstanding.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Make the most of all business and financial opportunities this week, but

By WYNNE TURNER

do not let social dates or expensive ideas run you into debt on September 10, as tendency is towards extravagance unless you are careful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Do not let setbacks daunt you this week. Personal affairs could be difficult and contact with others unsatisfactory, especially on September 10 and 12. However, a new phase of activity which could bring some rapid development is drawing near.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A rather unimportant week until nearing the week-end. Go warily during this time, for opposition which could cause friction and unforeseen difficulties is about. You should stick to routine and have as little to say as possible.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Continue to enjoy yourself with others, but try to avoid indiscretions, risky ventures, and misunderstandings from September 10. You have some helpful aspects approaching.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Although conditions may easily get out of hand over the week-end, don't make any radical move that could involve your career, prestige, or social contacts. Cautious handling of affairs is advised until after September 10.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Continue with your present plans over the next few days, but go carefully as you enter the new week. Conditions are unfavorable for journeys, writing, legal or Government affairs.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Your prospects are rather mixed this week. They are good until September 9, but deteriorate from September 10 to 12. Avoid risky propositions or extravagance.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your house of marriage and personal contacts could absorb your attention this week. Try not to raise or force issues from September 10 to 12. Conditions will sort themselves out to your satisfaction next week.

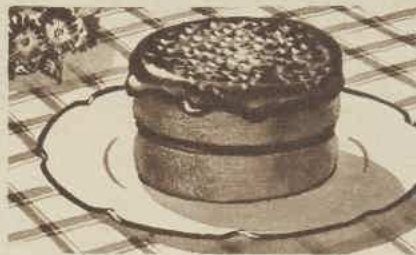
(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without assuming any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

As I Read the STARS

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

TRY THIS CHOCOLATE COFFEE CAKE!

Simple and delicious!



Here's a simple recipe for a cake that will prove a firm family favourite—prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way. Bournville Cocoa is the economical way to successful chocolate cooking.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 ozs. flour (S.R.) | 2 ozs. cornflour |
| 4 ozs. sugar | 1 oz. Bournville Cocoa |
| 4 ozs. butter or margarine | Pinch salt |
| 1 egg | 3 tablespoons milk |
| 1 dessertspoon coffee essence | 1 level teasp. baking powder |

METHOD

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and cocoa. Rub the butter in all like breadcrumbs. Add sugar, beaten egg and coffee essence; lastly enough milk to make a fairly soft cake mixture. Put into 2 greased 7 inch layer cake tins. Bake 20-25 minutes in a moderate oven (360°F.) or till elastic to touch. Cool on wire cake tray. Fill and frost with coffee butter icing. Sprinkle with coarse coconut.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour.



Those unexpected jabs in the joints and muscles—have you ever stopped and wondered what might be the cause of the trouble—have you ever suspected faulty kidney action?

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GARMENT



BLOUSE BY
Dawn

Stop thinking about shrinking



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Meet **TOR:** Ruler of Mechana, the only man left in a city where a million people once lived. He tells them that machines were the curse of

his race by doing everything for them. The people became lazy and died, but Tor exercised and lived. The machines still keep on working. Mandrake tells Tor that he escaped from Flora, which is at war with Mechana. **NOW READ ON:**



TOR SHOWS MANDRAKE SOME OF THE VAST INDUSTRIES OPERATED BY THE MACHINES: A HUGE BAKERY--



THEY WATCH THE MACHINES SYSTEMATICALLY DISTRIBUTE THE FOOD ALL OVER THE EMPTY CITY, ON THE DOORSTEPS OF VACANT HOMES WHOSE INHABITANTS DIED MANY YEARS AGO.



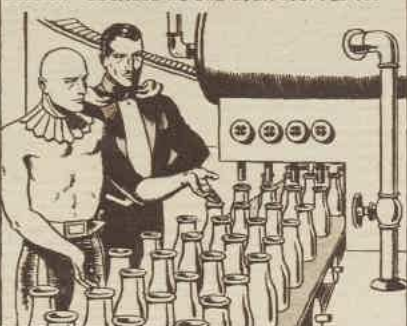
"WHAT USELESS ACTIVITY--WHAT TREMENDOUS WASTE," SAYS MANDRAKE. "I KNOW," SAYS TOR. "MY ANCESTORS WERE TOO LAZY TO STOP THEM--AND THE MACHINES ARE SO COMPLICATED THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW."



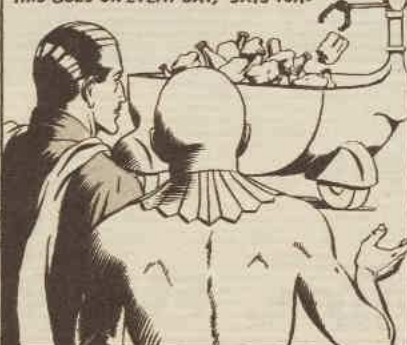
"ONE OF MY PERSONAL SERVANT MACHINES," SAYS TOR. "THEY WERE OUR LAST DEVELOPMENT. THEY RESPOND TO THOUGHT WAVES!"



"A VAST CHEMICAL MILK FACTORY," GENERATIONS AGO, WE USED FOOD LIKE THIS," EXPLAINS TOR. "NOW, I ALONE REMAIN OF MY PEOPLE--YET THE PRODUCTION FOR A CITY OF A MILLION PEOPLE GOES ON--BECAUSE NO ONE EVER STOPPED IT!"



LATER IN THE DAY, THEY WATCH A GARBAGE-DISPOSAL MACHINE PICK UP THE UNUSED FOOD--TO BE CARTED OFF TO THE INCINERATORS. "THIS GOES ON EVERY DAY," SAYS TOR.



MANDRAKE AND NARDA ARE SERVED BY A WAITER MACHINE. THIS MACHINE IS MORE COMPLICATED THAN THE OTHERS. HOW ON EARTH DOES IT WORK? IT ACTS AS THOUGH IT CAN THINK," MANDRAKE EXCLAIMS.

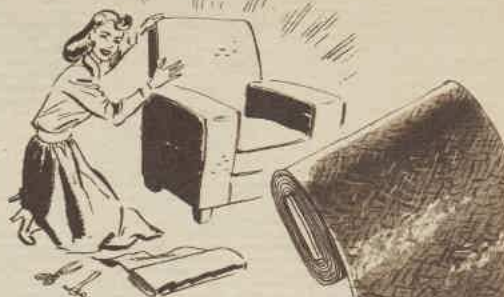


"MACHINES CONTROLLED BY YOUR THOUGHTS!" EXCLAIMS MANDRAKE. "YES--OUR CRUDEST MODELS NEEDED LIGHT BEAMS OR SOUND WAVES. THESE ARE HANDIER," SAYS TOR. "COME, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR ARMORY"--AND THEIR CHAIRS SUDDENLY ROLL."



TO BE CONTINUED

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31" and 48"



JOHN WAYNE (above), rugged outdoor type and popular star of Republic's Western and action films.



RED SKELTON, M.G.M. (below), plays broad and zany comedy in "The Yellow Cab Man."



**The men
of mirth,
melody, and
romance
films**

DANNY KAYE (above), comedian of Warners' "The Inspector-General."

DENNIS MORGAN (below), singing star of Warners' "Lady Takes a Sailor."



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1 HAPPY BRAD SCOTT (Wendell Corey) and daughter Polly (Natalie Wood) are kept unaware by wife and mother, Mary (Margaret Sullivan), that she has only months to live.



2 APPOINTMENT of Chris Radner (Viveca Lindfors) as his assistant on surveying job comes as surprise to Brad and staff, but she is welcomed and becomes key member of unit.



3 VISIT to her father (Raymond Greenleaf) for the last time eases Mary's worry, and in the atmosphere of understanding she reaches decision to tell her husband truth of situation when she returns to their home.



4 LOCATION work during Mary's absence throws Chris and Brad together. Chris falls in love, but Brad is uncertain of his feelings and hesitates to declare himself.

NO SAD SONGS FOR ME



5 ARRIVAL home is marred when Mary quickly learns that Brad has been seeing much of Chris. Hurt and confused, she continues to keep secret.

FOR her return to the screen after a long absence, Margaret Sullivan has chosen this rather daring film-story about a happily married young woman who discovers she is soon to die of an incurable disease.

In the hope of ensuring the future happiness of her husband and young daughter, she secretly plans for someone else to step into her place after she dies.

This unusual decision is reached after meeting a friend who, through loneliness caused by death, has formed an association that is obviously not right for him.

Produced and performed in excellent taste, "No Sad Songs For Me" gives Margaret an exacting, emotional role. Supporting cast includes John McIntire, Ann Doran, and Jeanette Nolan.



6 STUNNED when he is told, Brad meets Chris to tell her Mary's happiness is all that can count.



7 PACKING to leave district, Chris is visited by Mary, who points out Brad needs her in his work. In her heart Mary knows time is coming when he will need her in personal way, and persuades girl to stay at their house.



8 CELEBRATION trip to Mexico is Mary's last holiday. She dies there and then Brad realises what she meant by bringing Chris into family circle.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 9, 1950

N 30 FP

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CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE in Oxfordshire is where Celia Johnson leads quiet family life with her husband, travel-author Peter Fleming, and her two little daughters, Lucy (3) and Kate (4), mischievous small girls caught here by the camera in a quiet moment. Son Nicholas, aged 10, is away at school now.



DAUGHTERS Juliet ("Bunch") and Hayley Mills (above) help father John Mills home with his paints after an afternoon's work. **HOME AGAIN.** Susan and Tessa Price (right) greet their father, Dennis Price, returning from work. They live in Chelsea.



HOLIDAY for the Jimmy Hanley family. Young Jeremy and daughter Jenny occupy the full time and attention of their comedian father in this outdoor shot. Mother is thinking, perhaps a little grimly, of other things, while father acts as food-taster.

Meet the children of famous British film-stars

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

In Britain's film world, father and mother usually go off to the studio much as if they were setting out for an office in the city, like thousands of other toilers.

AND at night, home they come to the life of a quiet British family, to a slightly-better-than-average but, for all that, fairly modest home in Chelsea, or Richmond, or down the end of a Buckinghamshire lane.

Unlike Hollywood, there is no spotlight focused on their private lives. Their children grow up unselfconsciously, and not in a concentrated colony of wealthy film folk, where every neighbor is headline news.

lowing their parents into film studios.

"Bunch" Mills has appeared with her father, John Mills, in a couple of his pictures. Little "Toots" Lockwood has stolen several scenes from her mother, Margaret Lockwood. But most of them are kept from entering the studios before the age of fourteen by strict educational regulations in England, which virtually prevent children from acting before the cameras.

So it will be a long time before we know whether film children with the advantages they have of knowing the film business and how it works will follow in the footsteps of their parents, who are the stars of to-day. If they do, they will step on to the set with their eyes wide open.

The Margaret Lockwoods and the John Mills' will have taught them that stars don't keep union hours, that glamor is merely a film commodity, and that you only keep your stellar place above the film titles by sheer hard work.



INTRODUCING Barbara Farrar, tiny daughter of film star David Farrar, who takes good care to see that she is not overlooked when father has an afternoon off from the studio. He appears to be keeping the situation well in hand, too.



HONEYED words from Derek Bond and his wife (left) leave three-year-old Anthony uncertain about letting himself be caught just yet.

HELPFUL. Julie ("Toots") Lockwood (right) helps mother Margaret Lockwood go through mail.

The Australian Women's Weekly, September 9, 1958
—Page 56





THIS PORTRAIT STUDY of Yvonne De Carlo shows that her glamor is not confined to scenes from technicolor extravaganzas. She's a girl who does not particularly care for parties or Hollywood's bright lights.

Screen beauty prefers far-away places

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

A superb figure, flashing eyes, and a pleasant singing voice are factors that have made Yvonne De Carlo a top-flight contender for the title of Hollywood's "Queen of Technicolor."

Because of a series of films with desert and prairie backgrounds, some prefer to call her "Queen of the Desert."

ACTUALLY, Yvonne little resembles the exotic creatures she has portrayed in such movies as "Salome, Where She Danced," the picture that made her a star.

She constantly amazes case-hardened Hollywood observers, for, after twelve years and fourteen pictures, she is still unmarried.

At 26 she has been rumored engaged to most of her leading men, but admits past engagements to only actor Howard Duff and to a young, unnamed merchant seaman during the last war.

"Yvonne is a girl born to adventure," says her closest friend in the movie industry, actress Ruth Hussey. "Get married? Perhaps she will one day when her interest in things more vital wears thin. Maybe next week, maybe next year, maybe never. That's the kind of girl she is."

Yvonne de Carlo's head has probably rested on more manly shoulders than any movie star of her age and experience.

Nobody, in Hollywood at least, has yet presented a more beautiful picture than that of Yvonne being

made screen love to by a Richard Greene, Van Heflin, Philip Friend, Howard Duff, Burt Lancaster, and the rest. And yet—she has not married.

Search for adventure has taken the young actress over much of America and Europe by car. She scorns train or plane travel when she can drive, which she does at high speeds in either her British MG sports roadster or the convertible red Oldsmobile.

"When you drive, it gives you a chance to get closer to people and things," she says. "You see where you're going and can stop when you want to. And it gives you a better opportunity to have things happen."

For all her adventuresome nature, the Canadian-born girl is considered to be a rare person.

She does not enjoy smoking or drinking, admits breaking her engagement to Howard Duff because he liked too many parties.

"I just don't like a great number of parties," Yvonne confided at the time. "I always feel that I am missing something important in life when I stand around trying to talk about trivialities with people."

Yvonne recently left her small, modernistic house in the Valley to her mother and moved to a five-acre site in Beverly Hills, where an old, rambling eight-room home poises above the Coldwater Canyon Road. "I like this big old house," she declares. "There's plenty of room to convert part of the basement into a projection-room to show the pictures I take on my trips."

With a twinkle she adds, "If I get married, my husband will have to like being in the dark with me. Because I certainly value my projection-room."

YVONNE in a typical lone scene with Richard Greene, her co-star of "The Desert Hawk." Flimsy gown, much show of shapely limbs, the provocative pose are familiar to moviegoers.

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IN the Innox Laboratories famous dermatologists study the very nature of the skin to develop preparations which correct skin faults and fulfil the promise of "loveliness that lasts a lifetime."

It is the painstaking scientific research behind Innox preparations which has earned them the rare tribute of being recommended by the British medical profession.

If you are over 35—if you have seen the first warning signs of crepiness on face or neck, you need not despair. These tiny lines can be banished with Innox's Vitormone Cream. This preparation has helped thousands of women to recapture the firmness, freshness and smoothness of a youthful skin. The vital substances in Vitormone Cream are absorbed by the skin to stimulate ageing cells and tissues and so restore the healthy tone of a youthful complexion.

INNOXA VITORMONE CREAM is made in two strengths. Single Strength is for the skin which has just started to fade. Double Strength for the middle-aged and over. Both preparations have been thoroughly tested and proved. Usually thirty days is sufficient to show an amazing improvement in skin texture.



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LOOK**

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The young lady wears one of Jantzen's ahead-of-the-minute shirts . . . of finest imported spun rayon, crease-resisting and in seven vibrant colors to match or mix with her Jantzen "Moygashel" shorts. Eight colors in the shorts she's wearing.

His Jantzen shorts are amphibious. Of water-repellent gaberdine for walking, loafing swimming and walking all over again. As smart in the water as out.

Junior's shorts are Jantzen's, too. Just as finely finished as Dad's.



Obtainable only at retail stores

Beauty in the early morning

MORNING awakening is a bit of an effort, especially when it's still very early. Relax for three minutes more—then rise and shine.

● A facet of feminine grooming that receives less thought than seems possible is early morning charm. It is starting a day all wrong to adopt an it-doesn't-matter-how-I-look-first-thing philosophy.



RADIANT look may necessitate race against time. Achieve it with lipstick... not too heavy.

LETTING the chorus of denials fall where it may, it's a point that much of the day's success depends upon the way in which we start it off.

The average woman awakens in the morning with a lack-of-beauty feeling, and unless that feeling is chased away quickly, more often than not the impression remains for hours.

This does not mean that a full-wale make-up is necessary in order to preside graciously over the breakfast cups, but in the rush of getting the family fed, and off to business or school, many a housewife feels there isn't time to stop for a touch of lipstick or bother much about the state of her hair.

The habit of slipping into some nondescript little garment that may look a trifle on the dingy side is another temptation.

Let us take a look at the wake-up routine suggested in the illustrations on this page. It is recommended for speed, simplicity, and effectiveness. There's nothing expensive about it, either.

It consists of a splash of cool water to chase the sleepy look away and give the cheeks a sparkle of color.

A toothbrush, hairbrush, and a lipstick overcome the other hurdles for woman in the morning.

Performed without wasted effort, ten minutes should be adequate time in which to carry out the entire pre-breakfast programme.

The average family probably takes a dim view of heavy make-up during early hours, but to cheer a jaundiced eye there is nothing to beat a touch of color at breakfast, a neat head, and a tidy figure.

Songs have been written about the beauty of pale hands, but ad-



HAIR must be brushed into shining neatness—and the kettle is boiling already.

miration is rarely expressed for colorless lips.

For extra speed in hair brushing, try it on the double. In other words, use two brushes at once and make them both work in rhythm.

Co-ordination might be difficult at first, but with a little practice you'll learn to intermesh perfectly.

Once the family is out of the way, there is time for a leisurely shower or a bath.

Under normal circumstances we all bathe at least once a day. Thoroughly. Whether we do so in the morning or at bedtime hinges on one's personal plan for living.

We know all about the warm water, soap, bath-brush, and/or washcloth that are the mechanics of a cleansing bath.

Lather up all over, from sometimes neglected neck to the toes. Elbows and knees will be scrubbed, legs, arms, and back soaped, and under-arms given special attention.

Plenty of warm water soaks away any frowzy feeling. And afterwards, if you want an extra refreshing touch, there is always that delicious splash of eau-de-cologne or powder.

RELAX when the house is quiet and take a leisurely shower.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 9, 1950



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MESOWW/9.—Floral Cotton Frock in the popular shirt style, with yoke and vest effect. Contrast trimming down centre front and buttons. Floral designs on grounds of Green, Blue, and Mauve. Gored skirt and tie belt.

Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS.

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MESIWW/9.—Designed for the not-slim figure. Of British Rayon Crepe, edged round yoke with Self Rouleaux and features pin tucking on bodice. Shades: Bamboo Shoot (Green), Grey, Navy, and Black.

Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS.

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1/3 and 4/- packet

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Page 59

ALL DAY - EVERY DAY

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THE CHILD

Who Never Grew

In this book, Pearl Buck, one of the world's most widely read authors, describes her feelings as a mother when she realised that her first child would never grow up mentally. And she tells of the gradual adjusting of her life after the truth was made plain to her. All the money received from the book will go to the Vineland Training School, New Jersey, U.S.A., where an active research department has been maintained for many years, and which is noted for its work for birth-injured children and cerebral palsy.

BY PEARL S. BUCK

HAVE been a long time in making up my mind to write this story. It is a true one, and that makes it hard to tell. Several reasons have helped me to reach the point this morning, after an hour or so of walking through the winter woods, when I have finally resolved that the time has come for the story to be told.

Some of the reasons are in the many letters which I have received over the years from parents with a child like mine. They write to ask me what to do. When I answer I can only tell them what I have done. They ask two things of me; first, what they shall do for their children; and, second, how shall they bear the sorrow of having such a child?

The first question I can answer, but the second one is difficult indeed, for endurance of incalculable sorrow is something which has to be learned alone. And only to endure is not enough. Endurance can be a harsh and bitter root in one's life, bearing poisonous and gloomy fruit, destroying other lives.

Endurance is only the beginning. There must be acceptance and the knowledge that sorrow fully accepted brings its own gifts. For there is an alchemy in sorrow. It can be transmuted into wisdom, which, if it does not bring joy, can yet bring happiness.

The final reason for setting down this story is that I want my child's life to be of use in her generation. She is one who has never grown mentally beyond her early childhood, therefore she is forever a child, although in years she is old enough now to have been married and to have children of her own—my grandchildren who will never be. The first cry from my heart, when I knew that she would never be anything but a child, was the age-old cry that we all make before inevitable sorrow. "Why must this happen to me?"

To this there could be no answer and there was none. When I knew at last that there could never be an answer, my own resolve shaped into the determination to make meaning out of the meaningless, and so provide the answer, though it was of my own making. I resolved that my child, whose natural gifts were obviously unusual, even though they were never to find expression, was not to be wasted. If she could not make the contribu-

tion she should have made to her generation through her genius for music, if her healthy body was never to bear fruit, if her strong energies were not to be creatively used, then the very facts of her condition, her existence as it was and is to-day, must be of use to human beings. In one way, if not the other, her life must count. To know that it was not wasted might assuage what could not be prevented or cured.

This resolve did not come to me immediately. I grew toward it, but once I had reached it I have held it through all the years of her life. I have let it work in quiet ways, dreading the cold eyes of the curious. Now, to-day, I will forget those whom I dread, who, after all, are very few. I will remember the many who are kind, who will understand my purpose in telling this story, who will want to help to fulfil this because it is their purpose too.

I am always moved, with grateful wonder, by the goodness of people. For the few who are prying or meanly critical, for the very few who rejoice in the grief of others, there are the thousands who are kind. I have come to believe that the natural human heart is good, and I have observed that this goodness is found in all varieties of people, and that it can and does prevail in spite of

children is not large in proportion to the whole population, and yet it is enough to cause trouble everywhere. Homes are unhappy, parents distraught, schoolrooms confused by the presence of these who for no fault of their own are as they are. As parents die or cannot care for them, as teachers give them up, these children drift helplessly into the world, creating havoc wherever they go. They become the tools of those more clever; they are the hopeless juvenile delinquents; they fall into criminal ways because they know not what they do. And all they do is done in innocence, for of God's many children these are the most innocent.

I rejoice in the dawn of a better understanding of such children, for the public attitude until now has been a sorely mistaken one. Parents have been bewildered and ashamed when their child is backward, when he cannot learn in school, when perhaps he cannot even learn to talk. It has been a misfortune to be hidden. Neighbors whisper that So-and-so's child is "not right." The family is taught to try to pretend that Harry or Susie is only slow.

The shame of the parents infects all the children and sorrow spreads its blight. The child himself, poor little one, feels, though he cannot comprehend, his own inferiority. He lives in surrounding gloom. His mother cannot smile when she looks at him, and his father looks away.

In spite of their tender love for him—for to the honor of the human heart it can passionately protect the helpless creature who is its cross—the child understands enough to know that there is something unfortunate about him. His shadow falls before him; wherever he goes.

Now, thank God, the shadow lifts. Wise men and women are beginning to reason that it is only common-sense to accept the mentally retarded person as part of the human family, and to educate him in the things he can do, so that he may be happy in himself and useful to society. That this may be done, the primary work of research must progress as it never has. We must somehow discover why it is that so many people do not develop mentally to their full capacity.

There must be remediable causes and certainly there are preventable causes. We know, for example, that if a woman has German measles in the first three months of pregnancy her child may be born men-

tally defective, but we do not know why. We must know why. The Mongoloid child can appear in any family. He is really an unfinished child and is usually a first or last child.

We must find out what conditions in the mother cause this child. It is not necessary that children be born never to grow to their fullest selves. The windows are opened, at last, upon this dark corner of human life and the light shines upon the children's faces and into the hearts of their parents.

That my child, therefore, may have some small share in creating this new light, I tell her story. She cannot know what she does, but I who am her mother will do it for her and in her name, that others like her may have the benefits of a fuller knowledge, a better understanding. It will not be easy to tell it all truthfully, but it is of no use to tell it otherwise. Perhaps when

it is finished there will be comfort because it is told for a high purpose.

I must go back into the early years of my young womanhood—no, even before that. When I was a little girl myself, not more than seven years old, living in China, I had an awakening of the spirit. Until then I suppose I was the usual selfish childish creature, thinking of play and of nothing else except having my own way. I had few children to play with, and one of my dear friends was a gay young American woman, who lived for a very short while next door to us. She was married, and during the few months she was our neighbor she had a baby girl born to her. It was my first experience of an American baby and all the tender care that the average American baby gets.

Please turn to page 62



PEARL BUCK, noted author of "The Child Who Never Grew."

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The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 61

EVERY morning I was the attendant at the bath. I poured the water and warmed the towel and handed the mother the little garments, one by one. I was allowed a moment of my own, when the fair-haired, blue-eyed little baby, smelling sweetly of soap and freshness, was put into my arms.

That was the height of the day for me. I can remember even now, even after I have held so many babies in my arms, babies of many colors and races, the joy of that first little one. I might have grieved very much when the transient neighbors went their way, had not my own little sister been born, fortunately, that same spring, in the heart of the vast old city on the Yangtze River, which was then my home.

I busied myself mightily about our own baby. My mother was desperately ill after the birth, and the chief care of the baby fell upon our old Chinese amah and me. I was so happy I did not know how near my mother was to death.

I have begun this story so long ago because I can see now that I loved my child long before she was born. I wanted children of my own, as most women do, but I think my intense love of life added depth to natural longing. Something certainly I learned from the Chinese, who value children above all else in life. The Chinese love children for their own sakes and beyond. Children mean the continuity of human life, and human life is wonderful and precious. I absorbed the atmosphere in which I was reared.

My child was born in the height of my young womanhood. I was full of strength and vigor and the enjoyment of life. My life lay in places which might seem strange to my fellow Americans, but which were not strange to me. My home then was outside a small, mud-walled town in North China. From my windows I looked over miles of flat farm land, green with wheat and sorghum in the summer, and in the winter the color of dust.

Springtimes were loveliest, for above the young green wheat mirages shimmered. We had neither lakes nor mountains near, but the mirages brought them to us. They hung like fantastic dreams above the horizon. It was difficult to believe that they were not real.

Like every young woman, I had many dreams. There were books that I wanted to write when I had lived long enough to know life. Life I had always wanted in plenty and overflowing, and I think, looking back, that I always ran to meet it. Certainly I always wanted children. So when I knew my first child was to be born, one year in the spring, my joy rose to the height of my dreams. I did not know then that there was to be only one. I did not think of such a possibility. Everything had always gone well with me, all my life. I was one of the fortunate born. I took good fortune for granted. I saw my house full of children.

I remember so well the first time my little girl and I saw each other. It was a warm, mild morning in March. A Chinese friend had brought me a pot of budding plum blossoms the day before, and a spray of them had opened. That was the first thing I saw when I came out of the ether. The next thing was my baby's face.

The young Chinese nurse had wrapped her in a pink blanket, and she was held up for me to see. Mine was a pretty baby, unusually so. Her features were clear, her eyes even then, seemed to me, wise and calm. She looked at me and I at

her with mutual comprehension, and I laughed.

I remember I said to the nurse: "Doesn't she look very wise for her age?" She was then less than an hour old.

"She does, indeed," the nurse declared. "And she is beautiful, too. There is a special purpose for this child."

How often have I thought of those words. I thought of them proudly at first, as the child grew, always healthy, always good. I remember when she was two months old that an old friend saw her for the first time. The child had never seen a man with a black moustache before, and she stared for a moment and then drew down her little mouth to weep, though some pride kept her from actual tears.

"Extraordinary," my friend said. "She knows already what is strange to her."

I remember when she was only a month older that she lay in her little basket upon the sun-deck of a ship. I had taken her there for the morning air as we travelled. The people who promenaded upon the deck stopped often to look at her, and my pride grew as they spoke of her unusual beauty and of the intelligence of her deep blue eyes.

I do not know where or at what moment the growth of her intelligence stopped, nor to this day do we know why it did. There was nothing in my family to make me fear that my child might be one of those who do not grow. Indeed, I was fortunate in my own ancestry on both sides. My father's family was distinguished for achievement in languages and letters, and my mother's family was a cultivated one.

On her father's side my child had a sturdy ancestry, which had occasionally produced persons of distinction. I had no fears of any sort—indeed, I was almost too innocent of fear. I had seen in my youth only one defective child, the little son of a missionary, and he had made no impression on me beyond one of love and pity. Of Chinese children of the sort I had seen none.

There seem to be very few, and such as there are remain at home, carefully tended. Perhaps, too, they die young. At any rate, no young mother could have been less prepared than I for what was to come.

My little daughter's body continued its healthy progress. We had left North China by then, and were living in Nanking, which, next to Peking, perhaps, is China's richest city in history and humanity. Though my home was inside the city walls, it was still country living. Our house was surrounded by lawn and gardens, a bamboo grove and great trees. When the city walls were built, centuries ago, enough land was enclosed so that if the city were besieged the people would not starve. Our compound was surrounded by farms and fish ponds.

It was a pleasant and healthy home for a child. She was still beautiful, as she would be to this day were the light of the mind behind her features. I think I was the last to perceive that something was wrong. She was my first child, and I had no close comparison to make with others. She was three years old when I first began to wonder.

For at three she did not yet talk. Now that my adopted babies have taught me so much, I realize that speech comes as naturally to the normal child as breathing. He does not need to be taught to talk—he talks as he grows. He hears words without knowing it, and day by day increases the means of conveying his widening thoughts. Still, I became uneasy.

Please turn to page 63



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The Child Who Never Grew

IN the midst of my pleasant surroundings, in all the fresh interest of a new period in Chinese history when the Nationalist Government was setting itself up with such good promise, I found life exciting and good. Yet I can remember my growing uneasiness about my child. She looked so well, her cheeks pink, her hair straight and blonde, her eyes the clear blue of health. Why then the speech delay?

I remember asking friends about their children, and voicing my new anxiety about my child. Their replies were comforting—too comforting. They told me that children talked at different ages, that a child growing up in the house with other children learned more quickly than an only child. They spoke all the empty words of assurance that friends, meaning well, will use, and I believed them. Afterward, when I knew the whole tragic truth, I asked them if they had no knowledge then of what had befallen my child. I found that they did have, that they had guessed and surmised, and that the older ones even knew, but that they shrank from telling me.

To this day I cannot understand their shrinking. For to me truth is so much dearer than any comforting falsehood, so much kinder in its clean-cutting edge than fencing and evasion, that the better a friend is the more he must use truth. There is value in the quick and necessary wound. Thus my child was nearly four years old before I discovered for myself that her mind had stopped growing.

To all of us there comes the hour of awakening to sad truth. Sometimes the whole awakening comes at once and in a moment. To others, like myself, it came in parts slowly. I was reluctant and unbelieving until the last.

It began one summer at a seashore in China, where the waves come in gently even in time of storm. It had been a mild and pleasant summer, shore set against mountains. I spent the mornings with my child on the beach, and in the afternoons sometimes we went riding along the valleys on the small grey donkeys which stood for hire at the edge of the beach.

The child had now begun to talk, only a little, but still enough to quiet my fears for the moment. It must be remembered that I was wholly inexperienced in such children. Now my eyes can find in any crowd the child like mine. I see him first of all and then I see the mother, trying to smile, trying to speak to the child gaily, her gaiety a screen to hide him from the others.

But then I did not see even my own child as she really was. I read meaning into her gestures and into the few broken words. "She doesn't talk because she gets everything she wants without it," a friend complained. So I tried to teach my child to ask for a thing first. She seemed not to understand.

I must have been more anxious than I knew, however, for I remember I went one day to hear an American visiting pediatrician give a lecture on the pre-school child, and as I listened to her I realised that something was very wrong indeed with my child. The doctor pointed out signs of danger which I had not understood. The slowness to walk, the slowness to talk, and then, when the child could walk, the incessant restlessness which took the form of constant running hither and thither were all danger signs.

What I had taken to be the vitality of a splendid body I saw now might be the superenergy of a mind that had not kept control of the body.

After the meeting was over, I remember, I asked the doctor to come and see my child. She promised to

Continued from page 62

come the next day. I told no one of my growing fear and through that sleepless night I went over and over in my mind all the good signs, the things the child could do; that she could feed herself; that she could put on her clothes, though not fasten buttons; that she liked to look at picture books; that she understood so much more than she could say. But I did not want false comfort. I wanted now and quickly the whole truth.

The doctor came the next day and sat a long time watching my child, and then she shook her head. "Something is wrong," she said, "I do not know what it is. You must have a consultation of doctors. Let them tell you, if they know."

She pointed out to me the danger signs I had not seen, or would not see. The child's span of attention was very short indeed, far shorter than it should have been at her age. Much of her first light running had no purpose—it was merely motion. Her eyes, so pure in their blue, were blank when one gazed into their depths. They did not hold or respond. They were changeless. Something was very wrong.

I thanked her and she went away. Thinking it over, I saw there was no reason why a stranger should stay to tell me more. Perhaps she knew no more. There is no task more difficult than to tell a parent that the beloved child will never grow to be an adult. I have done it sometimes since, and I have not allowed myself to shrink from it, but it has been hard. The heart can break more than once.

The doctors met the next day. I can still see the scene as though it took place before my eyes now. The house had a wide verandah, facing the sea. It was a glorious morning, and the sea was violet-blue and calm except for the gentle, white surf at the coast.

The child had been with her Chinese nurse playing on the sand and wading in the water. I called

Conference of doctors

and they came up the path between the bamboos. In spite of my terror, I was proud of my child as she stood before the doctors. She had on a little white swimming suit, and her firm, sun-browned body was strong and beautiful. In one hand she held her pail and shovel and in the other a white shell.

"She looks well enough," one of the doctors murmured.

Then they began to ask questions. I answered them with all the honesty I had. Nothing but honesty would do now. As they listened they watched and they began to see. The shell dropped from her hand and she did not pick it up. Her head drooped. The eldest doctor, who had known my parents, lifted her to his knee and began to test her reflexes. They were weak—almost non-existent.

The doctors were kind men and I begged them to tell me what they thought and then tell me what to do. I think they were honest in their wish to do this. But they did not know what was wrong or, if it were wrong, how to cure it. I sat in silence and watched them as they watched the child. I began to feel that they were agreed that development had stopped in the child, but they did not know why. There were so few physical symptoms—only the ones I have mentioned. They pried me with questions about the child's past, about her illnesses; had she ever had a high temperature; had she ever had a fall? There had been nothing. She had been sound from her birth and so cared for that she had never been hurt.

"You must take her to America,"

they told me at last. "There the doctors may know what is wrong. We can only say there is something wrong."

Then began that long journey which parents of such children know so well. I have talked with many of them since and it is always the same. Driven by the conviction that there must be someone who can cure, we take our children over the surface of the whole earth, seeking the one who can heal. We spend all the money we have, and we borrow until there is no one else to lend. We go to doctors good and bad, to anyone, for only a wisp of hope.

We are gouged by unscrupulous men who make money from our terror, but now and again we meet those saints who, seeing the terror and guessing the empty purse, will take nothing for their advice, since they cannot heal.

So I came and went, too, over the surface of the earth, gradually losing hope and yet never quite losing it, for no doctor said firmly that the child could never be healed. There were always the last hesitant words, "I don't want to say it is hopeless"; and so I kept hoping, in the way parents have.

It was getting harder all the time for another reason. The child was older and bigger and her broken speech and babyish ways were conspicuous. I had no sense of shame for myself. I had grown up among the Chinese, who take any human infirmity for what it is. Blind people, the lame, the halt, the tongue-tied, the deformed—during my life in China I had seen that all came and went among others and were accepted for themselves. Their infirmities were not ignored. Sometimes they were even made the cause of nicknames.

For example, Little Gripple was a playmate of my own early childhood, a boy with a twisted leg. According to our Western notions, it would have been cruel to call him by his deformity. But the Chinese did not mean it so. That was the way he was, literally, and his twisted leg was part of himself. There was some sort of catharsis even for the boy in this taking for granted an affliction. Somehow it was easier than the careful ignoring of my American friends. The sufferer did not feel any need to hide himself. There he was, as he was, and everybody knew him. It was better than any sweet pretending that he was like everybody else.

More than this, the Chinese believed that, since Heaven ordains, it was a person's fate to be whatever he was, and it was neither his fault nor his family's. They believed, too, with a sort of human tenderness, that if a person were handicapped in one way there were compensations, also provided by Heaven. Thus a blind person was always treated with respect and even sometimes with fear, for it was thought he had a perception far beyond mere seeing.

All the years my child and I had lived among the Chinese we had breathed this frank atmosphere. My Chinese friends discussed my child with me as easily as they discussed their own. But they were not experienced enough to know what was wrong or even that it was wrong.

"The eyes of her wisdom are not yet opened," was the way they put it. "For some persons wisdom comes early and for others late—be patient."

This was what they told me. When we walked on the narrow winding streets of our old city no one noticed when she stopped recklessly to clap her hands or, if without reason, she began to dance.

Please turn to page 64

It's the
WAVING LOTION
that makes all
the difference!



Scientific Tests Prove the
RICHARD HUDNUT HOME WAVING LOTION
22% MORE EFFECTIVE
takes faster - lasts longer

Tests made by a nationally known independent research laboratory* in America show: hair is measurably springier and stronger after waving with 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion . . . than after waving with other home permanent waving lotions. It's the extra-penetration plus the gentler conditioning action of Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion that gives your hair the kind of wave you wish you were born with . . . stronger, springier, with greater natural sheen.

Obtainable at Chemists and leading Department Stores, 22/6.

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HOME PERM KIT



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If you already own our Home Perm Kit, with plastic curlers, you can use, for your next wave, the Richard Hudnut Refill and get the advantages of the 22% more effective waving lotion for only

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£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 10. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 10

EXTERIOR DULUX PAINT IS MADE FOR SUMMER'S GLARE AND WINTER'S SHADE, IN LOVELY COLOURS, QUIET OR GAY, (Missing Line) . . .

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.

The award for this jingle will be announced over 51 Radio Stations in the "DULUX" Show, with "Jack Dorey Star-maker." Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than September 20, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staff and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.

Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4270, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by September 20.

OSSIE PICKWORTH

Three times
Australian Open
Golf Champion
says:



"We're a family of Horlicks drinkers at home. We agree it's the most nourishing of all food drinks."

"Playing championship golf is a matter of skill and concentration plus plenty of hard work", says Ossie. "You need all those to get to the top—and you need to be really fit to stay there, too. I've proved that Horlicks gives me the nourishment and that extra energy which makes all the difference."

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink it because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep,

refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. Equally delicious hot or cold.



OSSIE PICKWORTH won both the Australian Open and Professional Titles in one year—a double no other player has ever taken.

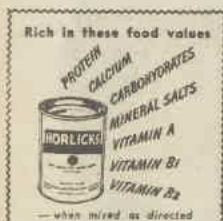
"Playing golf for a living is strenuous and tiring," says Ossie, "that's why I like Horlicks. I find it the most nourishing food drink of all."

Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

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A LABEL TO LOOK FOR * A NAME TO REMEMBER...

- On suits, coats and working trousers for men; youths' and boys' clothing, and jodhpurs for the whole family, the DENCRAFT label is the sign of long wear. Noted for their quality since 1881, DENCRAFT garments are obtainable everywhere.



The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 63

YES, the Chinese were kind to my child and to me. If they did notice her, it was only to smile at what they took to be her pleasure, and they laughed with her.

It was on the streets of Shanghai that I first learned that people were not all so kind. Two young American women walked along the street, newcomers from my own country. I suppose, by their smart garments. They stared at my child, and when we had passed one of them said to the other, "The kid is nuts." It was the first time I had ever heard the slang phrase, and I did not know what it meant. I had to ask someone before I knew. Truth can be put into brutal words. From that day I began to shield my child.

There is no use in giving the details of the long, sorrowful journey. We crossed the sea and we went everywhere, to child clinics, to gland specialists, to psychologists. I know now that it was all no use.

There was no hope from the first—there never had been any. I do not blame those men and women for not telling me so—not altogether. I suppose some of them knew, but perhaps they didn't. At any rate, the end of each conference was to send us on to someone else, perhaps a thousand miles away.

One famous gland specialist gave me considerable hope, and we undertook a year-long treatment with dosages of gland medicine. It did my child no good, and yet I do not regret it, for from what I learned that year I was able to save another child who really needed the treatment a few years later. I saw a little boy who at four was still crawling on his hands and knees and I recognised in his symptoms—the dry skin and hair, the pallid flesh, the big ungainly weak body, the retarded mind—the need for thyroid treatment. I did not know his mother very well, but, remembering the silence of my friends, I went to her and told her what I thought. There was a long moment when her flushed face showed me her inner struggle. She did not want to know—and yet she knew she must know. I went away, but afterwards she did take the child to the gland specialist and he was able to help the boy become normal. That boy was not really mentally retarded. He was suffering from a thyroid deficiency. Years later the mother and I met on different soil and she thanked me for that past day. But it took courage to speak. It always does.

The end of the journey for my child and me came one winter's day in Rochester, Minnesota. We had been sent finally to the Mayo Clinic, and day after day we had spent in the endless and meticulous detail of complete examination. My confidence had grown as the process went on. Surely so much study, so much knowledge, would tell me the truth and what to do with it.

We went at last into the office of the head of the children's department. It was evening and almost everybody had gone home. The big building was silent and empty. Outside the window I saw only darkness. My little girl was very tired and I remember she leaned her head against me and began to cry silently, and I took her upon my lap and held her close while I listened.

The doctor was kind and good. I can see him still, a tall, rather young man, his eyes gentle and his manner slow as though he did not want anyone to be hurried or anxious. He held in his hand the reports sent in from all the departments where my child had been examined, and he made his diagnosis. Much of it was good. All the physical parts were excellent. My child had been born with a fine body.

There were other things good too. She had certain remarkable abilities, especially in music. There were

signs of an unusual personality, struggling against some sort of handicap. But—the mind was severely retarded.

I asked the question that I asked now every day of my life: "Why?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. Somewhere along the way, before birth or after, growth stopped."

He did not hurry me, and I sat on, still holding the child. Any parent who has been through such an hour knows that monstrous ache of the heart which becomes physical and permeates muscle and bone.

"Is it hopeless?" I asked him.

Kind man, he could not bear to say that it was. Perhaps he was not really sure. At least he would not say he was sure. "I think I would not give up trying," was what he finally said.

That was all. He was anxious to get home and there was no more reason to stay. He had done all he could. So again my child and I went out of the doctor's office and walked down the wide empty hall. The day was over and I had to think what to do next.

Now came the moment for which I shall be grateful as long as I live. I suppose to be told that my child could be well would have meant a gratitude still higher; but, that being impossible, I have to thank a man who came quietly out of an empty room as I passed. He was a small, inconspicuous person, unrecognised, a German by looks and accent.

I had seen him in the head doctor's office once or twice. He had, in fact, brought in the sheaf of reports and then had gone away without speaking. I had seen him but without attention, although now I recognised him.

He came out almost stealthily and beckoned to me to follow him into the empty room. I went in, half bewildered, my child clinging to my

Parents' road to Calvary

hand. He began to speak quickly in his broken English, his voice almost harsh, his eyes sternly upon mine.

"Did he tell you the child might be cured?" he demanded.

"He—he didn't say she could not," I stammered.

"Listen to what I tell you!" he commanded. "I tell you, madame, the child can never be normal. Do not deceive yourself. You will wear out your life and beggar your family unless you give up hope and face the truth. She will never be well—do you hear me? I know—I have seen these children. Americans are all too soft. I am not soft. It is better to be hard, so that you can know what to do. This child will be a burden on you all your life."

"Get ready to bear the burden. She will never be able to speak properly. She will never be able to read or write, she will never be more than about four years old, at best. Prepare yourself, madame! Above all, do not let her absorb you. Find a place where she can be happy and leave her there and live your own life. I tell you the truth for your own sake."

I can remember these words exactly as he spoke them. I suppose the shock photographed them upon my memory. I remember, too, exactly how he looked, a little man, shorter than I, his face pale, a small, clipped, black moustache, under which his lips were grim. He looked cruel, but I know he was not. I know now that he suffered while he spoke. He believed in the truth.

I don't know what I said or even if I said anything. I remember walking down the endless hall again alone with the child. I cannot describe my feelings. Anyone who has been through such moments will know, and those who have not can-

not know, whatever words I might use. Perhaps the best way to put it is that I felt as though I were bleeding inwardly and desperately. The child, glad to be free, began capering and dancing, and when she saw my face twisted with weeping she laughed.

It was all a long time ago, and yet it will never be over as long as I live. That hour is with me still.

I did not stop trying, of course, in spite of what the little German had said, but I think I knew in my heart from that moment on that he was right and there was no hope. I was able to accept the final verdict when it came because I had already accepted it before, though unconsciously, and I took my child home again to China.

I shall forever be grateful to him, whose name I do not even know. He cut the wound deep, but it was clean and quick; I was brought at once face to face with the inevitable.

What I am writing is no unique experience. It is one common to many parents. Every retarded child means a stricken, heartick family. I meet often nowadays with parents' organisations, parents of mentally deficient children who are coming together in their deep need for mutual comfort and support.

Most of them are young people, and how my heart aches for them! I know every step of their road to Calvary.

"The schools won't take our children," one of them said to me the other day. "The neighbors don't want them around. The other children are mean to them. What shall we do? Where can we go? Our child is still a human being. He is still an American citizen. He has some rights, hasn't he? So have we, haven't we? It's not a crime to have a child like ours."

No, it is not a crime, but people—teachers in schools, neighbors—can behave as though it were. You who have had a mentally deficient child know all that I mean.

When the inevitable knowledge was forced upon me that my child would never be as other children are, I found myself with two problems, both, it seemed to me, intolerable. The first was the question of her future. How does one safeguard a child who may live to be physically very old and will always be helpless?

Her life would in all likelihood outlast my own. We come of long-lived stock, and though I might live to be old myself, I was borne down by grief and fear and she had no burdens on her happy, childish mind. Worry and anxiety would never touch her. What if she lived to be even older than I? Who would care for her then?

Yet there was a strange comfort in her happiness. As I watched her at play, myself so sorrowful, it came to me that this child would pass through life as the angels live in heaven. The difficulties of existence would never be hers. She would not know that she was different from other children. The joys and irresponsibilities of childhood would be hers forever. My task was only to guarantee her safety, food, and shelter—and kindness.

Yes, I have learned, as the years passed, to be intensely grateful for the fact that the child has no knowledge of herself. If it had to be that she could not be a fully developed human being, then I am glad she has remained a real child. The pitiful ones are those who know dimly that they are not as others are.

Thank God my child has not been one of these! She has been able to enjoy sunshine and rain, she loves to skate and ride a tricycle, she finds pleasure in dolls and toy dishes and a sand pile. She likes to run on a beach and play in the waves.

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ABOVE all is her never-failing joy in music. She finds her calm and resource in listening, hour after hour, to her records. The gift that is hidden in her shows itself in the still ecstasy with which she listens to the great symphonies, her lips smiling, her eyes gazing off into what distance I do not know.

She has her preferences for certain kinds of music. Church music makes her weep, especially hymns, and she cannot listen to them. I know how she feels. There is something infinitely pathetic in that chorus of wavering human voices raised to the God in Whom, not seeing, they must needs trust.

She dislikes intensely all crooning and cheap rhythms, and in general popular music of all sorts. If someone puts on a jazz record, she seems in an agony. "No, no," she will say, "I don't like it."

It must not be taken only from the phonograph, but away out of the room.

But she will listen to all the great old music with endless delight. When she was at home this last summer she heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony through entirely, sitting motionless beside the instrument. When it was finished she wanted it all over again. Her taste is unerring. By some instinct, too, she knows each one of her own large collection of records. I do not know how, since she cannot read, but she can distinguish each record from the others and will search until she finds the one that suits her mood.

I put this down because it is one of the compensations, and parents of other children like her ought to know that there are such compensations. These little children find their joys. I know one little boy—I say "little," and yet he is a grown man in body—who gets creative pleasure from his collection of brightly colored rags.

He sorts them over and over again, rejoicing in their hues and

The Child Who Never Grew

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textures. He is never wearied of them. The parent learns to be grateful that pleasure finds its expression, if not in ways that benefit the world, at least in ways that satisfy and enrich the child. Quantitatively, of course, there is a difference between the bright rags and a box of paints that an artist uses. But qualitatively the two are the same to the boy and to the artist. Both find the same spiritual satisfaction.

To parents I say first that if you discover that your child cannot be normal, be glad if he is below the possibility of knowing his own condition. The burden of life has been removed from him and it rests only upon you, who can learn how to bear it.

To learn how to bear the inevitable sorrow is not easily done. I can look back on it now, the lesson learned, and see the steps; but when I was taking them they were hard indeed, each apparently insurmountable. For in addition to the practical problem of how to protect the child's life, which may last beyond the parent's, there is the problem of one's own self in misery.

All the brightness of life is gone, all the pride in parenthood. There is more than pride gone, there is an actual sense of one's life being cut off in the child. The stream of the generations is stopped. Death would be far easier to bear, for death is final.

What was it no more. How often did I cry out in my heart that it would be better if my child died! If that shocks you who have not known, it will not shock those who do know. I would have welcomed death for my child and would still welcome it, for then she would be finally safe.

It is inevitable that one ponders much on this matter of a kindly death. Every now and again I see

in the newspapers the report of a man or a woman who has put to death a mentally defective child. My heart goes out to such a one. I understand the love and despair which prompted the act. There is not only the despair that descends when the inevitable makes itself known, but there is the increasing despair of every day.

For each day that makes clear that the child is only as he was yesterday drives the despair deeper, and there are besides the difficulties of care for such a child, the endless round of duties that seem to bear no fruit, tending a body that will be no more than a body, however long it lives, gazing into the dull eyes that respond with no lively look, helping the fumbling hands—all these drive deeper the despair.

And added to the despair is the

Children have own joys

terror and the question, "Who will do this in case I do not live?"

And yet I know that the parents of whom I read do wrong when they take to themselves a right which is not theirs and end the physical lives of their children. In love they may do it, and yet it is wrong. There is a sacred quality of life which none of us can fathom. All peoples feel it, for in all societies it is considered a sin for one human being to kill another for a reason of his own.

Society decrees death for certain crimes, but the innocent may not be killed, and there is none more innocent than these children who never grow up. Murder remains murder. Were the right to kill a child put even into a parent's hands, the effect would be evil indeed in our world. Were the right to kill any innocent person assumed by

society, the effect would be monstrous. For first it might be only the helpless children who were killed, but then it might seem right to kill the helpless old; and then the conscience would become so dulled that prejudice would give the right to kill, and persons of a certain color or creed might be destroyed.

The only safety is to reject completely the possibility of death as a means of ending any innocent life, however useless. The damage is not to the one who is killed, but to the one who kills. Euthanasia is a long, smooth-sounding word, and it conceals its danger as long, smooth words do, but the danger is there, nevertheless.

It would be evasion, however, if I pretended that it was easy to accept the inevitable. For the sake of others who are walking that stony road, I will say that my inner rebellion lasted for many years. My commonsense, my convictions of duty, all told me that I must not let the disaster spoil my own life or those of relatives and friends.

But commonsense and duty cannot always prevail when the heart is broken. My compromise was to learn how to act on the surface as much like my usual self as possible, to talk, to laugh, to seem to take an interest in what went on. Underneath the rebellion burned, and tears flowed the moment I was alone. This surface acting kept me, of course, from having any real contact with other people. Doubtless they felt the surface bright and shallow, and were perhaps repelled by something hard and cold beneath which they could not reach.

Yet it was necessary to maintain the surface, for it was my own protection, too. It was not possible to share with anyone in those years my inner state.

I can speak with detachment of

it now, for it is over. I have learned my lesson. But it is interesting to me and may be of some small importance to some, merely as a process, to speak of learning how to live with sorrow that cannot be removed. Let me speak of it so, then.

The first phase of this process was disastrous and disorganising. As I said, there was no more joy left in anything. All human relationships became meaningless. Everything became meaningless. I took no more pleasure in the things I had enjoyed before; landscapes, flowers, music were empty. Indeed, I could not bear to hear music at all. It was years before I could listen to music.

Even after the learning process had gone very far, and my spirit had become nearly reconciled through understanding, I could not hear music. I did my work during this time; I saw that my house was neat and clean, I cut flowers for the vases, I planned the gardens and tended my roses, and arranged for meals to be properly served. We had guests and I did my duty in the community, but none of it meant anything. My hands performed their routine. The hours when I really lived were when I was alone with my child.

When I was safely alone I could let sorrow have its way, and in utter rebellion against fate my spirit spent its energy. Yet I tried to conceal my weeping from my child, because she stared at me and laughed. It was this uncomprehending laughter which always and finally crushed my heart.

I do not know when the turn came, nor why. It came somehow out of myself. People were kind enough, but no help came from anyone. Perhaps that was my own fault. Perhaps I made my surface too smooth and natural so that no one could see beneath it.

Please turn to page 66

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day. I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

Ford Pills contain no poisons or dangerous drugs.

Ford Pills are safe for children and the most delicate patients.

Give Ford Pills this way:

Children, 10 months to 2 years:

Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Older children:

Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:

1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.

GET FORD PILLS IN PLASTIC TUBES 2/6 EVERYWHERE



FORD PILLS

THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



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Australian housewives buy more **Heinz** Cooked Spaghetti than any other brand.* **One taste** tells you **why**. Try it. Keep plenty in your pantry.



* This is proved by independent surveys of consumers' actual purchases.

The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 65

PARTLY that, perhaps, and partly it was, too, because people shrink from penetrating surfaces. Only those who know inescapable sorrow know what I mean.

It was in those days that I learned to distinguish between the two kinds of people in the world: those who have known inescapable sorrow and those who have not. For there are basically two kinds of sorrows: those which can be assuaged and those which cannot be.

The death of parents is sad, for they cannot be replaced, but it is not inescapable sorrow. It is a natural sorrow, that which one must expect in the normal course of life. The crippling of one's body, irremediably, is an inescapable sorrow. It has to be lived with; and, more than that, it has to be used for some other sort of life than that planned in health.

The sorrows which can be assuaged are those which life can cover and heal. Those which cannot be assuaged are those which change life itself and in a way themselves make life. Sorrows that can die can be assuaged, but living sorrow is never assuaged. It is a stone thrown into the stream, as Browning put it, and the water must divide itself and accommodate itself, for it cannot remove the stone.

I learned at last, merely by watching faces and by listening to voices, to know when I had found someone who knew what it was to live with sorrow that could not be ended. It was surprising and sad to discover how many such persons there were and to find how often the quality I discerned came from just such a sorrow as my own.

It did not comfort me, for I could not rejoice in the knowledge that others had the same burden that I had, but it made me realise that

others had learned how to live with it, and so could I. I suppose that was the beginning of the turn.

For the despair into which I had sunk when I realised that nothing could be done for the child and that she would live on and on had become a morass into which I could easily have sunk into uselessness. Despair so profound and absorbing poisons the whole system and destroys thought and energy.

My own natural health, too, I suppose, had something to do with it. I saw that the sun rose and set, that the seasons came and went, that my garden bloomed, and that upon the streets the people passed and laughter could be heard.

At any rate, the process of accommodation began. The first step was acceptance of what was. Perhaps it was consciously taken in a day. Perhaps there was a single moment in which I actually said to myself, "This thing is unchangeable, it will not leave me, no one can help me, I must accept it." But practically the step had to be taken many times.

Sorrows that change life

I slipped into the morass over and over again.

The sight of a neighbor's normal little daughter talking and doing the things my child could never do was enough to send me down. But I learned not to stay down. I came up again and learned to say, "This is my life and I have to live it."

Having to live a life, it seemed rational as time went on to try to enjoy what I could in that life. Music was still too close to me, but there were other things I could enjoy—books, I remember, were first. Flowers, I think, came next. I began to care, mildly, about my roses. It all began, I remember, in a sort of wonder that such things went on as they had before, and then a realisation that what had happened to me had actually changed nothing except myself.

Yet life did not really begin again until necessity drove me to think what I ought to do about the child's life. There were certain practical things that could and should be done. Was I to keep her with me, or should she find a home among children of her own kind? Would she be happier with me or with them?

Had there been security in her life with me, I would have felt it best to keep her with me, for I did not believe that anyone could understand her as well as I did, or do for her what I could. Moreover, I had given her birth and she was my responsibility.

It was then that the solitary place in which she stood became apparent to me. The world is not shaped for the helpless. If I should die too young, what would become of her? We were living in China. The best that could be expected was that she would be taken to our country, the United States, and put into an institution. There, alone, she would have to make the adjustment of being without me and without her loving Chinese nurse and all that had meant home to her.

She might not be able to make such an adjustment alone. Certainly she would not be able to understand why it had to be, and the puzzle and grief might disturb her beyond control. It came to me then that it would be best for her to make the adjustment while I lived, while I could help. She could gradually change her roots from this home to a new one, knowing that I was near and would come to see her again and again.

Upon this matter of her future security alone I made my decision. It was hastened, perhaps, by a situation peculiar to my life; that China was upset by civil wars and revolu-

tions. I think my decision took its final shape on a certain day, of which I have written elsewhere, when a horde of Communist soldiers forced Americans and other foreigners out of their homes, killed some of them, and compelled the rest of us to hide for our lives.

A kindly Chinese gave us the shelter of her little thatched hut, and there through that long day I faced death with all my family. But it was of my child that I thought most. If the moment of death came, I must contrive to have her killed first. I could not leave her in the hands of wild soldiers.

This situation, as I say, was peculiar, and of no moment to those for whom I write this story. But the essential question remains the same for all of us who have these children who never grow up. We have to think beyond our own lives for them.

It became apparent, too, as time went on, that my little daughter should find her own companions. The friends who came and went in my home could never be her friends. Kind and pitying as they were, they felt the child a strain upon them and they in turn were a strain upon her and upon me. It became clear indeed that I must seek and find her world and put her in it.

Again an incident, very slight in itself, crystallised my thinking. We had some American neighbors in our big Chinese community, and one of the neighbors had a little girl just the age of mine. They had always gone to each other's parties. One day, however, the other little girl, having come over to play, was prattling as little girls will, and she said, "My mamma says don't have your poor little girl any more to my party, and so I can't ever have her next time."

Next time, indeed, the invitation did not come. The great separation had begun. I realised then that I must find another world for my child, one where she would not be despised and rejected, one where she could find her own level and have friends and affection, understanding and appreciation. I decided that day to find the right institution for her.

The decision made, the next question was how it was to be done, and then when. I had found out enough to know that the sort of place I wanted my child to live in would cost money that I did not have. There was no one to pay for this except myself. I must myself devise means to do what I wanted to do for my child.

I am speaking now entirely about myself, and I realise that what I did cannot always be done. The fact is I had never considered money from the days when I first began to earn my own living, at least in part, when I was seventeen years old and in college. Independence had taught me that the important thing was to know what I wanted. Then I could always find means to get it.

This habit of mine held. I decided that when the time came I would return to my country and search for the place which could become my child's home.

There is infinite relief in a decision. It provides a goal. A guiding rope was flung into the morass and I clung to it and dragged myself out of despair day by day, as the goal became more clear to me. Knowing what I was going to do and thinking how to do it did not heal the inescapable sorrow, but it helped me to live with it. I ceased to use all my spiritual energies in rebellion. I did not ask why so continually. The real secret of it was that I began to stop thinking of myself and my sorrow, and began to think only of my child. This meant that I was not struggling against life, but slowly and sometimes blindly coming into accord with it.

Please turn to page 67



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O.T.T. 61



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The Child Who Never Grew

SO long as I centred in myself, life was unbearable. When I shifted that centre even a little, I began to understand that sorrow could be borne, not easily but possibly.

I felt, however, that before I let my child leave me I ought to try her abilities for myself and learn to know her thoroughly, so that I could make the best possible choice of her future home. For this I decided to take a year, during which all my time, aside from family essentials, would be spent with her. I would try to teach her to read, to write, to distinguish colors, and, since she loved music, to learn notes and to sing little songs. Whether she could do this I did not know. It was as important for me to know if she could not as to know if she could.

In a curious way I was helped here by what was taking place in China. The rowdy capture of Nanking by the new revolutionary forces had compelled all white people to leave the city for a period. It was in early spring that the capture took place, and we went to Japan for a peaceful summer in the beautiful green mountains above the seaport of Nagasaki. It was a happy summer in its way.

We lived in a small Japanese house in the woods, and bereft of possessions and responsibilities, it was a return to nature. For me, after the hard years, it was a time of healing. I knew no one except the friendly Japanese fisherfolk who came to sell crabs and fish at early morning. My child could run about as she liked, while I did my primitive housekeeping. I cooked on a charcoal brazier as the Japanese women did, and we lived upon rice and fish and fruit.

I shall pause here for a little gift of thanks to the Japanese people I met in those pleasant months of enforced holiday. Later in the summer I decided to take advantage of idleness and to make a journey through Japan. With my child I made that journey, travelling third-class by day on the trains, both to save money and to meet the average Japanese people. We ate the little lunches we bought from vendors at the station, small, clean, wooden boxes packed with compartments of rice, pickles, and fish, and my child for the first time in her life had fresh pasteurised milk, hot and in sealed bottles.

Everywhere we met with kindness and courtesy. There was no sign that anyone saw my child as strange. She was accepted for what she was and most tenderly treated. That brought healing too.

In the late autumn, before Christmas, we went back to China to live for a year in Shanghai. It was still not safe, we were told, to return to Nanking. That year alone with my child was a profound education for me. As I look back on it, I see that it was the beginning of whatever real knowledge I have of the human mind. We had three rooms at the top of a house shared with two other families, refugees like ourselves.

There I planned my child's days and my own, so much time each day devoted to finding out what she could learn. I willed myself to patience and submission to her capacities. Impatience was a sin. So the long year began, work interspersed with exercise and play.

The detail of those months is unimportant now, but I will simply say that I found that the child could learn to read simple sentences, that she was able, with much effort, to write her name, and that she loved songs and was able to sing simple ones. What she was able to achieve was of no significance in itself. I think she might have been able to proceed further, but one day, when, pressing her always very gentle but still steadily and per-

Continued from page 66

haps in my anxiety rather reluctantly, I happened to take her little right hand to guide it in writing a word. It was wet with perspiration.

I took both her hands and opened them and saw they were wet. I realised then that the child was under intense strain, that she was trying her very best for my sake, submitting to something she did not in the least understand, with an angelic wish to please me. She was not really learning anything.

It seemed my heart broke all over again. When I could control myself I got up and put away the books forever. Of what use was it to push this mind beyond where it could function? She might after much effort be able to read a little, but she could never enjoy books. She might learn to write her name, but she would never find in writing a means of communication. Music she could hear with joy, but she could not make it. Yet the child was human. She had a right to happiness, and her happiness was to be able to live where she could function.

"Let's go outside and play with the kitties," I said.

Her little face took on a look of incredulous joy, and that was my reward.

Happiness, I now determined, was to be her atmosphere. I gave up all ambition for her, all pride, and accepted her exactly as she was, expecting nothing, grateful if some flash came through the dimness of her mind. Whatever she could be most happy would be her home. I kept her with me until she was nine years old, and then I set out in search of her final home.

I came to my own country as a

Search for home begins

stranger. There was disadvantage in this, for I had no friends to guide me, nor any who knew in any way what I needed or how to help me. Yet there was advantage, too. I knew what I wanted to find and I had learned from my life among the Chinese to look for essentials—that is, for human quality.

I had determined that I would not judge by money alone. If the right place cost a great deal, I would find some way to pay for it. I was young, I was strong. I was well educated. With those three gifts, I could provide somehow for the child.

I learned a great deal in the next year. It took me in many directions indeed. I had a long list of schools and institutions and I asked for others as I went. Of that intensive search it would be useless to tell every detail, but for those who must make a similar search it may be useful to know certain things.

First of all, I learned not to judge an institution by its grounds and equipment. Some of the finest and most expensively equipped schools were the worst, so far as the children were concerned. I remember one such place. I had spent a whole day with the headmistress. She showed me every detail of the splendidly planned grounds and houses.

The children were well fed and well cared for, obviously. She had a resident doctor and a resident psychologist. The attendants for the children were neat and pleasant. There were an excellent school building and a good exhibit of handicraft, done by the children. There was a department of music. Every effort, she assured me, was made to develop the children to the height of their potentiality. She herself was competent, brisk, not unkind.

Evening came and I sat on the wide porch, still with the headmistress, waiting for the bus that was

to take me away. Then something happened which undid all the day.

A car stopped and a group of young girls in their teens, all children in the school, mounted the steps and crossed the porch. They greeted the headmistress very properly and she returned their greeting. I saw her watching them sharply.

Suddenly she called to them, "Girls, stop!"

They stopped, half frightened. The headmistress said in her clear, peremptory way, "How often have I told you to hold up your heads? Go back to the steps and walk across the porch again!"

They obeyed instantly while she watched.

When they had gone into the house she turned to me with a complacent explanatory air. "It is part of my work to teach the girls how to enter a room properly and how to leave it. Feeble-minded people always walk with their heads hanging—it's characteristic. I have to break them of it."

"Why?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "These girls all come of good families, people in society," she explained. "The parents don't want to be ashamed of taking them about." She laughed half contemptuously. "Why, I even have to teach them how to hold a hand at bridge and look as though they were playing!"

"Why do you do it?" I asked.

"I have to make my living," she said honestly enough.

We parted on that, but I knew that I would never send my child to her handsome institution. I wanted to find a man or a woman who thought of the children first. Of course we must all live, but it is amazing how easy it is to find bread when one does not put it first.

That experience taught me there-

after to look for the right person at the head of the institution. I knew that the employees would be no better than the head, therefore the head must be the best.

I might say here that since I was not resident in my own country I belonged to no State and therefore State institutions were not easily open to me. Moreover, they had long waiting lists, and, though I visited them, most of them were overcrowded and the children lived in strict routine. Oh, how my heart suffered for those big rooms of children sitting dully on benches, waiting, waiting!

"What are they waiting for?" I asked my guide one day.

"They aren't waiting for anything," he replied in surprise. "They're just sitting. That's all they want to do."

"How do you know they wouldn't like to do something more?" I asked.

He evaded the question. "We get them all up a couple of times a day and make them walk round the building."

But I know the children were really waiting. They were waiting for something pleasant to happen to them. Perhaps they did not know they were waiting, but they were. I know now that there is no mind so dim that it does not feel pain and pleasure. There, too, were human beings—that, I perceived, was the important thing to understand—and many of those who cared for them did not understand it.

The children who never grow are human beings and they suffer as human beings, inarticulately but deeply nevertheless. The human creature is always more than an animal.

That is the one thing we must never forget. He is forever more than a beast. Though the mind has gone away, though he cannot speak or communicate with anyone, the human stuff is there, and he belongs to the human family.

Please turn to page 69



Mrs. BOB DYER
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"Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES
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YOU'LL AGREE with these two famous wives when you taste these exciting new Kellogg's Bran Flakes.

YOU'LL NOTICE that each honey-brown flake stands up crisp and firm—even after you have added milk!

YOU ENJOY that different flavour in a flash. You'll say you never knew wheat could taste as wonderful as this. That added bran makes as much difference to wheat as butter makes to dry bread.

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AT CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES

CATARRH AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA HAD HER DOWN!



Sydney housewife reports amazing benefits from LANTIGEN 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine

Read this remarkable letter from Mrs. J. Pollett, of 20 Goodhope Street, Five Ways, Paddington, Sydney. It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all

night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."

LITTLE BRISBANE BOY . . . "BRONCHITIS RELIEF"

Not only men and women, but children, too, can take Lantigen 'B' confidently. The case stated below shows it may be safely given to even the youngest children. Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Q'land:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five

minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



Lantigen 'B' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

WORKS THROUGH THE BLOODSTREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

IMMUNITY PROMOTED

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS



Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

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Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.



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The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little indeed for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

MEDICAL OPINION ON ORAL IMMUNISATION

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 13, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "... The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

You could not do better than to commence treating your Catarrh or Bronchitis with Lantigen 'B.' It has been proved so very successful by so many people over so many years.

Ask your chemist to-day for

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THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

that's taken just like an ordinary medicine
FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SINUS
AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 67

I SAW this wonderfully exemplified in one State institution. When I first visited the place it was an abode of horror. The children, some young in body, some old, were apparently without any minds whatever. The average mental age was estimated at less than one year. They were herded together like dogs. They wore baglike garments of rough calico or burlap. Their food was given to them on the floor and they snatched it up.

No effort was made to teach them toilet habits. The floors were of cement and were hosed two or three times a day. The beds were pallets on the floor, and filthy. There were explanations, of course. I was told that three children could be taught nothing, that they merely existed until they died. Worst of all to me was that there was no one thing of beauty anywhere, nothing for the children to look at, no reason for them to lift their heads or put out their hands.

Some years later I went back again. I had heard there was a new man in charge, a young man who was different. I found that he was different, and because he was, he had made the whole institution different. It was as crowded as ever, but wholly changed. It was like a home. There were gay curtains at the windows and bright linoleums on the floors. In the various rooms the children had been segregated, babies were with babies, and older children with their own kind.

There were chairs and benches and the children sat on them. There were flowers in the windows and toys on the floor. The children were decent and even wore pretty clothes, and they were all clean. The old sickening smell was gone. There was a dining-room, and there were tables, on which were dishes and spoons and mugs.

"Are the children now of a higher grade?" I asked the young man.

"No," he said, smiling, "many of them are the same children."

"But I was told they could not be taught."

"They can all be taught something," he replied. "When they can't manage alone, someone helps them."

Then he showed me the things they had made, actually little baskets and mats, simple and full of mistakes, but to me wonderful. And the children who had made them were so proud of what they had done. They came up to us, and though they could not speak they knew what they had done.

"Has their mental age gone up?" I asked.

"A little, on the average," he replied. "But it isn't only mental age that counts with them—or with anybody, for that matter."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"I treat them as human beings," he said simply.

When my search ended it was at another place where I found such a person. Without looking at the buildings or the grounds, I knew when I entered the office and shook hands with the quiet, grey-haired man who greeted me with a gentle voice that I had found what I wanted.

Of course I did not decide upon impulse. I told him about my child and what it was that I looked for, and he listened. There was something in the way he listened. He was sympathetic, but not with effort. He was not eager. He said diffidently that he did not know whether I would be satisfied with his school, but we might look around. So we did look around, and what I saw was that every child's face lit when he came into the cottages, and that there was a clasp of voices to greet him and call his name—Uncle Ed,

they called him. I saw that he took time to play with them and that he let them hug his knees and look in his pockets where there were small chocolates—very tiny ones, not enough to spoil a child's appetite. He knew every child and his seeing eyes were noticing everything everywhere. He greeted the attendants with courtesy and when he made a suggestion—that Jimmy, for instance, should have a lower chair upon which to sit, and so the legs of the chair he liked best could be cut off to suit—the attendant was quick to agree.

The buildings were pleasant and adequate, but not nearly so handsome as some I had seen. The atmosphere was what I felt. It was warm and free and friendly. I saw children playing around the yards behind the cottages, making mud pies and behaving as though they were at home. I saw a certain motto repeated again and again on the walls, on the stationery, hanging above the head's own desk. It was this: "Happiness first and all else follows."

The head smiled when he saw my eyes resting on the words. "That's not just sentimentality," he said. "It is the fruit of experience. We've found that we cannot teach a child anything unless his mind and heart are free of unhappiness. The only child who can learn is the happy child."

I knew enough about teaching to know that this is a sound principle in any education. It was comforting and reassuring to find it the cornerstone here upon which all else was built. I said to myself that I would look no more.

Upon a September day I brought my little girl to the place I had found. We walked about to accustom her to the new playgrounds and I went with her to the corner where

Treated as human beings

her bed stood. I met the woman who was to be her attendant, as well as the superintendent of girls. The child clung to my hand and I to hers. What went on in her little mind I do not know, but I think some foreboding was there. We had never been separated, and the time was coming when there must be a separation almost as final as death. I would come back to see her often, and she could come sometimes to see me, but the separation was there, nevertheless. We were to be parted. Even though I believed that it was best for her safety that she find her permanent shelter here, the fact that she would need lifelong shelter was the primary cruelty.

In the afternoon of that day which was so dreadful in its passing the head asked me to come to the assembly hall. The children were all to gather there for some music. In his kindness he asked me to sit on the platform with him and to speak to the children for a few minutes about Chinese children. Some of them, he said, would understand.

There are moments which crystallize within an instant the meaning of years. Such a one came to me when I stood on the platform of that room and saw before me hundreds of children's faces looking up at me. What heartache loomed behind each one, what years of pain, what tears, what frightful disappointment and despair! They were here for life, prisoners of their fate. And among them, one of them, my child must henceforth be.

The kind man at whose side I stood must have discerned something of what I felt, for when he saw I could not speak he told a little story and made the children laugh and I was able to go on again. I think I never tried more earnestly to interest an audience, never had

I put myself so wholeheartedly into any effort as I did into that half hour of talk with those children. I could not say what was in my heart. I could not tell them that I understood their lives better than I understood anything else, because I had lived through such a life. I had to tell small childish things that they could grasp, and my reward was their fresh laughter.

After it was over, the head took me aside alone and talked to me gently and gravely. I have never forgotten his words. "You must remember," he said, "that these are happy children. They are safe here. They will never know distress or want. They will never know struggle or defeat, nor will sorrow ever touch them."

"No demands are made upon them which they cannot meet. The joys which they can appreciate they have. Your child will escape all suffering. Will you remember that and let it be a comfort to you? Remember that there is a sorrow worse than one's own—it is to see a beloved person suffer without being able to help. That sorrow you will never have."

Many a time since then when I have thought of the child and the waters have seemed to close over my head, I have remembered those kind and wise words. As long as the child is happy, am I not strong enough to bear what is to be borne?

I left her there and, following the request of the school, I did not visit her for a month. The head believed that a full month was needed for the new roots to be put down, and to see the parents delayed the necessary process. They would tell me, he promised, if anything went wrong. So I tore myself away, leaving her for the first time in our lives.

Of that month I need not speak. Any parent like me will know the doubts that beset me. To leave a child who cannot write a letter, who cannot even make known in words what she feels and needs, seemed to me at times the height of cruelty.

These times came in the night, and only the thought of a future with the child grown old and me gone could keep me from hurrying to the nearest railway station. Ah, well, there are many who know such hours in the night!

It would be pleasant to say that when I went back to the school at the end of the month I found the child happy and well. This was not true. Her distraught little face, her pitiful joy at seeing me brought back all the doubts again and I was ready to pack her trunk and bring her home.

The elderly matron stood looking at us. "She has been quite naughty," she said gravely. "She has not wanted to do what the other children do, and she has cried a great deal. We have had to deal with her."

"Deal with her?" I asked.

"Yes. When she ran out of the house we had to restrain her."

"She is used to freedom," I murmured. "And of course she was running out to look for me."

"She cannot run outside alone," the matron said, "and she must learn to obey. When she learns, she will be happy as the others are."

Protest was thick in my throat, but I choked it back. "I will take her out for a little walk," I said.

As soon as we were outside and alone she was as happy as a songbird again, but she clutched my hand as though she would never let it go. I went in search of the head. He was there in his office and he welcomed me and spoke to the child. She seemed to know him and not be afraid of him, and this meant he had been to see her himself.

I began at once.

Please turn to page 70

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Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



REGULAR SIZE 5d, BATH SIZE 7d.

PG 190

The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 69

"I THINK I can leave her here," I told him. "The matron says that they have had to restrain her, whatever that means. But surely they understand that a little child like this cannot suddenly be happy without the home she has always had."

"She has never been among strangers. She cannot understand why her life is completely and suddenly changed. Do the children have to be forced into a routine? Must they walk in line into the dining-room, for example?"

This and much more I said. He let me say it all while his eyes were kind upon us.

"It is not possible for your child to live here exactly as she has in your house," he said when I had finished. "Here she is one of many. She will be individually cared for and watched and taught, it is true, but she cannot behave as though she were the only child. This will mean some loss of freedom to her. This loss you must weigh against the gain."

"She is safe here. She has companionship. When she learns to fall in with the others in the small routines that are necessary in any big family, she will even enjoy the sense of being with the crowd. She has to learn, you know."

"Try to think of what she will be a year from now, five years from now. Try to consider justly whether this place is the right one for her home. Don't lose a larger value in some small present dissatisfaction."

I said, "It is so hard because she doesn't understand why it is all necessary or that it is for her good."

"None of us really understands why," he said in his same gentle voice. "You do not understand why you have had to have the child like this at all. You cannot see that there is any good in it anywhere."

I could not indeed. "You cannot indeed," my child from everything," he went on. "She is a human creature and she must bear her little share, too, of what is common to all human life."

Much else he said and I sat listening and the child sat content by my side. When he finished I knew that he had done what he meant to do—he had helped me to find strength to think of the child's larger good.

I stayed with her for only a day, because they said it would be better not to stay too long the first time. Then I went away. I shall not forget as long as I live that I had to pull her little arms away from around my neck and that I dared not look back. I knew the matron was holding her fast and I knew I must not see it, lest my courage fail.

Years have passed since that day. I came to live in America; not far from her, and I visit her often. She is used now to my coming and going, and yet even now there is the brief clinging when I leave. "I want to go home," she whispers again and again. She comes home sometimes, too, and is filled with joy for a few days. But here is the comfort I take nowadays. After she has been at home a week or so, she begins to miss the other home.

She inquires after "the girls," she asks for some toy or musical instrument or record that she left behind. At last almost willingly she goes back again, after making sure that I am coming soon to see her. The long struggle is over. The adjustment has been made. When the wretched hours come in the night I comfort myself, thinking that if I should die before I wake, as the old childish prayer has it, her life would go on just the same.

Much of the money that I have been able to earn has gone into making this security for her. I have a sense of pride that she will be dependent on no one as long as she lives, and whether or not I live, I have done all that could be done.

I realise that many parents cannot be so fortunate as I have been in being able to make a child secure. Some of them have come to me with children like mine and have asked me what to do. They have told me that they have little money or that they have other children and what there is must be divided. The helpless child cannot have everything, however the parents' hearts are torn. They are right, of course.

Speaking coldly, if it is possible to do so, the normal children are more useful to society perhaps than the helpless ones.

And yet I wonder if that is so. My helpless child has taught me so much. She has taught me patience above all else. I come of a family impatient with stupidity and slowness, and I absorbed the family intolerance of minds less quick than our own. Then there was put into my sole keeping this pitiful mind struggling against I know not what handicap. Could I despise it for what was no fault of its own?

That indeed would have been the most cruel injustice. While I tried to find out its slight abilities I was compelled both by love and justice to learn tender and careful patience. It was not always easy. Natural impatience burst forth time and again, to my shame, and it seemed useless to try to teach. But justice reasoned with me thus: "This mind has the right to its fullest development too."

"It may be very little, but the right is the same as yours, or any other's. If you refuse it the right to know, in so far as it can know, you do a wrong."

So by this most sorrowful way I was compelled to tread. I learned respect and reverence for every human mind. It was my child who taught me to understand so clearly that all people are equal in their humanity and that all have the same human rights. None is to be considered less, as a human being, than any other, and each must be given his place and his safety in the world. I might never have learned this in any other way. I might have gone on in the arrogance of my own intolerance for those less able than myself. My child taught me humility.

My child taught me to know, too, that mind is not all of the human creature. Though she cannot speak to me clearly, there are other ways in which she communicates. She has an extraordinary integrity of character. She seems to sense deception and she will not tolerate it. She is a child of great purity. She will not tolerate habits that are filthy and her sense of dignity is complete.

No one may take liberties with her person. Neither will she endure cruelty. If a child in her cottage screams she hurries to see why, and if the child is being struck by another child or if an attendant is too harsh, she cries aloud and goes in search of the housemother. She has been known to push away the offending one. She will not endure injustice. An attendant, laughing, said to me one day, "We have to treat her fairly or she makes more trouble for us."

What I am trying to say is that there is a whole personality not concerned with the mind, and children mentally deficient often compensate for their lack by other qualities of goodness.

Please turn to page 71

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STOP PAIN FASTER

The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 70

THIS is a very important fact and it has been so recognised.

Psychologists working with mentally retarded children at the Training School in Vineland, New Jersey, have found that while the I.Q. may be very low indeed a child actually may function a good deal higher because of his social sense, his feeling of how he ought to behave, his pride, his kindness, his wish to be liked.

Acting upon this observation, they developed the Social Maturity Scale, to complement the Binet Scale earlier brought from France and adapted for use in the United States. What is true of the retarded child is also true of the normal one. A high intelligence may be a curse to society, as it has often been, unless it is accompanied by qualities of character which provide social maturity, and the less brilliant child who has these qualities is a better citizen and often achieves more individually than the high intelligence without them.

To-day this Vineland Social Maturity Scale is very widely used in the armed forces, in schools and colleges, in aptitude tests, wherever normal individuals are measured. We have to thank the helpless children for teaching us that mere intelligence is not enough.

They have taught us much more. They have taught us how people learn. The minds of retarded children are sane minds, normal except that, being arrested, the processes are slowed. But they learn in the same ways that the normal minds do, repeated many more times. Psychologists, observing the slower processes, have been able to discover, exactly as though in a slow-motion picture, the way the human creature acquires new knowledge and new habits. Our educational techniques for normal children have been vastly improved by what the retarded children have taught us.

In the years which have passed since I led my child into her own world, again and again I have been able to find some comfort in the fact that her life, with others, has been of use in enlarging the whole body of our knowledge. When one has learned how to live with inescapable sorrow, one learns, too, how to find comfort by the way. When I speak of comfort I think now of other parents than myself. I think of those who bring me their children and ask what to do for them. Almost the first question they ask is, "Are private schools and institutions so much better than State ones that we ought to make all the family sacrifice to the utmost for the sake of me?"

My answer is this: A good private school is usually better than the average State institution. There is less crowding and more individual attention. But even this depends somewhat upon the State. There are States where the institutions are remarkably good, the employees well paid, a pension system established, and every inducement offered for good people to stay. There are other States where the institutions are medieval.

Parents must examine their own State institutions. Where there are ample family funds, a good private institution has advantages. Yet the weakness in most private institutions is that often they do not continue beyond the lifetime of the person who establishes them. Some of the finest and most elaborate private institutions will close when the head dies, and the children then must be scattered and must make their adjustments all over again.

It is essential in choosing your child's home that you find an institution which is not dependent upon any one man, but which is controlled by a self-perpetuating board of trustees and has endowments to carry it through the hard years. The

State institutions have, of course, an immense advantage in that they are permanent, and once a child enters he is secure for life.

I answer the parents by saying that where a private institution would bring severe sacrifice on every member of the family for the sake of one, I would find a good State institution, even if I had to move my home to another State, and there I would put my child.

When the child is safely in his new home, what are the further responsibilities of the parent? There are many. The child needs the parents as much as before. There should be regular visits, as frequent as possible. Do not think that the children do not know. I have to endure heartbreaking moments every time I go to visit my child, for inevitably some other little child comes and takes my hand and leans against me and asks, "Where is my mamma?"

The housemother whispers over her head. "Poor little thing, her folks never come to see her. Her grandmother came to see her two years ago and that's the last."

The little thing's heart is slowly breaking. For these children are always children. They are loving and affectionate and they crave to be loved exactly as all children do. There are other children who come to tell me, eyes glowing, "My daddy and mummy came last week to see me!" Even the ones who cannot speak will come to show me a new doll that the parents brought.

Ah, they know, because they feel! The mind seems to have very little to do with the capacity to feel.

Another responsibility of the parent is to watch always the person in direct charge of the child. I said that I chose my child's permanent home by finding as the head the sort of person whom I could trust. To-day, were I to choose again, I would also go into every cottage and look at the type of attendant there.

"My child taught me"

Were they the hard-faced professional type, the ones who go from institution to institution, callous, cruel, ready to strike a child who does not conform, I would reject that place. For the most important person in an institution, so far as the child is concerned, and therefore so far as the parent is concerned, is not the executive, and not the man or woman in the offices, not even the doctor and the psychologist and the teacher, but the attendant, the person who has the direct care of the child.

A cruel and selfish attendant who has not at heart the welfare of the child can undo all the work of the teacher and the psychologist. Your child cannot benefit by any teaching unless he is happy in his daily life in his cottage. The attendant must be a person of affectionate and invincibly kind nature, child loving, able to discipline without physical force, in control because the children love him or her. Whether this attendant is well educated is not important. He must understand children, for he has in his care perpetual children.

Any sign of cruelty or injustice or carelessness on the part of attendants should be at once reported by conscientious parents. Do not think that secret bribes or tips will protect your child from a bad attendant. He will take your money and when he is alone with the children, as he is so much of the time, he will treat your child exactly as he does the others.

A third responsibility which the parent has to the child in the institution is to see that the atmosphere in which he lives is one of hopefulness. I have observed that this at-

mosphere is best in those institutions which carry on research as one of their functions. A place where the care is merely custodial is apt to degenerate into something routine and dead.

No child ought to be merely something to be cared for and preserved from harm. His life, however simple, means something. He has something to contribute, even though he is helpless. There are reasons for his condition, causes which may be discovered. If he himself cannot be cured or even changed, others may be born whole because of what he has been able to teach, all unknowingly.

The Training School at Vineland is an excellent example of what I mean. For many years it has maintained an active research department. As I said, it was the first institution in this country to use and adapt the Binet test, and there the Social Maturity Scale was developed. Its work with birth-injured children and cerebral palsy has been notable, and the vigorous men and women who have spent their lives there learning from the children, in order that they may know better how to prevent and to cure, have infused vitality into the life of the institution, and into the whole subject of mental deficiency beyond.

Parents may find comfort, I say, in knowing that their children are not useless, but that their lives, limited as they are, are of great potential value to the human race. We learn as much from sorrow as from joy, as much from illness as from health, from handicap as from advantage—and indeed perhaps more. Not out of fullness has the human soul always reached its highest, but often out of deprivation. This is not to say that sorrow is better than happiness, illness than health, poverty than richness.

Had I been given the choice, I would a thousand times over have chosen to have my child sound and whole, a normal woman to-day, living a woman's life. I miss eternally the person she cannot be. I am not resigned and never will be. Resignation is something still and dead, an inactive acceptance that bears no fruit.

On the contrary, I rebel against the unknown fate that fell upon her somewhere and stopped her growth. Such things ought not to be, and because it has happened to me and because I know what this sorrow is I devote myself and my child to the work of doing all we can to prevent such suffering for others.

There is one little boy in my child's school whom I often go to see. He is little because he is only about seven in his mind. His body now is almost forty years old. He has a grave face and there is a forlorn look in his eyes. His father is a famous man, wealthy and well known. But he never comes to see his son. The boy's mother is dead.

When someone approached this father for a gift for a new kind of research he banded his desk with his fist and said, "I will not give one cent! All my money is going to normal people."

Callous? He is not callous. His heart is bleeding, his pride is broken. His son is an imbecile—his son! In these years he has thought of himself and his loss, and he has missed the joy he might have had in his child—not the joy he sought, of course, but joy for all that.

There is another father—they are not always fathers, either—whose boy loves to work with the cows. I see the lad sometimes, a handsome fellow. He is usually in the dairy barn caring for the cows, brushing them clean, loving them. I saw his father there one day, that brilliant able man, and he said, "It does seem that if my boy can learn to use the milking machine he could learn to do something better."

Please turn to page 72



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THE head happened to be there that day and he said, "But there is nothing better for him, don't you see? The best thing in the world for each of us is that which we can best do, because it gives us the feeling of being useful. That's happiness."

So what I would say to parents is something I have learned through the years and it took me long to learn it, and I am still learning. When your little child is born to you not whole and sound as you had hoped, but warped and defective in body or mind or perhaps both, remember this is still your child.

Remember, too, that the child has his right to life, whatever that life may be, and he has the right to happiness, which you must find for him. Be proud of your child, accept him as he is, and do not heed the words and stares of those who know no better. This child has a meaning for you and for all children. You will find a joy you cannot now suspect in fulfilling his life for and with him. Lift up your head and go your appointed way.

I speak as one who knows.

The Child Who Never Grew

Continued from page 71

Yet none of us lives in the past if we are still alive ourselves. It is inevitable that, as young parents in their time experience again the old agony and despair when their children are among those who can never grow, they demand some cause for hope. Other ills have been cured and research is being carried on for those we still do not know how to heal. All must be healed, of course. People must not die of cancer or polio or heart disease. Neither should they be mentally deficient if it can be prevented or cured. There cannot be a choice of which will be first. The battle of life must be fought on all fronts at the same time.

Therefore, I say, we must also fight for the right of our children to be born sound and whole. There must not be children who cannot grow. Year by year their number must be decreased until preventable causes of mental deficiency are prevented. The need is more pressing than the public knows. Our State

institutions are dangerously overcrowded, and, unless research is hastened, millions of dollars must go into more institutions. Even if boarding homes are multiplied, the care of these children must be paid for, in the vast majority of cases, by public funds. How much wiser and more hopeful it would be to pay for scientific research which would make such care unnecessary!

Let us remember that more than half of the mentally deficient in this country are so from non-inherited causes, and these causes can be prevented, did we know what they are.

Present care, moreover, is very inadequate. State institutions are able to provide very little of the education that might release a good many of the children to normal, if protected, life. Private institutions, if they are good ones, are too expensive for the average family.

Yet I believe that the private institution has an indispensable place in our American system. Our notable scientific advance has been the result of private persons working in privately owned places. Public funds have developed very little scientific knowledge except for military purposes. So now I believe that research into this most necessary field, the study of the causes and cure of mental deficiency, must, in accordance with American tradition, take place in small private institutions where scientists can work in freedom. Such research should be co-ordinated so there will be no time wasted in duplication.

Something, of course, has already been done. I have spoken of the notable work of the Research Department at the Training School in Vineland, New Jersey. We know that at least 50 per cent. of the mentally deficient children now in the United States can be educated to be productive members of society. Education alone would relieve our overcrowded public institutions.

STUDIES have shown that there are nineteen types of jobs that can be done by an adult whose mentality is no more than that of a six-year-old child. Twenty per cent. of all work in the United States is done by the unskilled worker.

We know, too, some of the reasons for injury to the brain, both prenatal and post-natal, but we do not know enough. A little physical remedial work is being done for the injured brains which are the chief causes of mental deficiency, but it is still experimental, and confined largely to the limited though important field of cerebral palsy, where the decreased blood supply to the brain is the apparent cause for mental deficiency.

Results are still too new to be relied upon, but in one institution they were reported as hopeful: 24 per cent. of those operated upon showed definite mental improvement, an additional 51 per cent. showed changes for the better in alertness, muscular control, interest span, appetite and increased irritability.

I speak of all this merely as grounds for hope, this and when research really begins in the causes and cure for mental deficiency on a scale comparable to that now being done in other fields. Hope is essential for activity.

Those who have children who can never grow—and few are the families who have not one somewhere—must and will work with renewed effort when they realise that more than half the children now mentally deficient need not have been so. They must and will work still harder when they realise that more than half now mentally deficient can, with proper education and environment, live and work in normal society, instead of being idle in inadequate institutions.

Hope brings comfort. What has been need not forever continue to be so. It is too late for some of our children, but if their plight can make people realise how unnecessary much of the tragedy is, their lives, thwarted as they are, will not have been meaningless.

Again, I speak as one who knows.
(Copyright)

Australia lags in the treatment of children who cannot grow up

THERE is a great need in Australia for the establishment of residential schools and other institutions for the care of children who never grow mentally beyond childhood.

The tendency in each State is to concentrate the mental defectives into one or two of the mental hospitals, thus achieving some degree of segregation. Institutions for the insane, however, are at best unsuitable for the mentally defective.

Dr. A. R. Phillips, of Travancore Developmental Centre and Clinic, Melbourne, in a recent survey of the position in Australia, says:

"Although all States except Western Australia have passed mental deficiency legislation, not all of them have special institutions for defectives, who are to be found scattered through most of the mental hospitals, having been certified not under mental deficiency, but under lunacy laws.

"Victoria is regarded as the leading State of the Common-

wealth in the provision made for mentally defective children, but, even there, the Victorian Mental Deficiency Act passed in 1939 cannot be brought into operation because the necessary accommodation does not exist and its proclamation has been postponed indefinitely.

"A nuclear organisation in Victoria comprises Travancore Clinic, with a residential school attached (62 children), another residential training school in the country, Pleasant Creek (90 children), and the beginnings of a farm colony, Janefield (150 children and adults). The rest of the defectives in the care of the Victorian Mental Hygiene Department are in mental hospitals."

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, an order of Roman Catholic nuns specially trained in the work, conduct Murillo House, Brighton, for mental defectives.

More accommodation is urgently needed, even in Victoria. In other States there is even less provision made for special schools and institutions.



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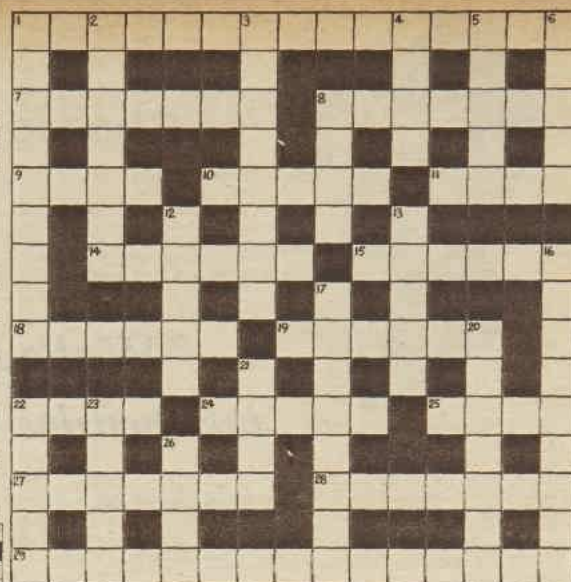
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- It was the complaint of the Ancient Mariner, and also of every drinking Australian on election day (2, 1, 4, 2, 5).
- You and I and the hind part of a ship are occidental (7).
- More fed in liberty (anag.) (7).
- A torn sail suffers (4).
- Trams going backwards rankle (5).
- Degree by an infant (4).
- Tranquil withered direction (6).
- Hail in a layer in the sky (6).
- Pieces of furniture be in stories (4).
- On behalf of one hundred little Edward is compelled (6).
- Do me for cupola (4).
- In this Italian city a Frenchman is in the English man (6).
- This German river is a river abbreviated (4).
- Splendid as an artist, Diana and a six-footer (7).
- Establish in stable (7).
- They are only three boys yet they are everybody or anybody (3, 4, 3, 7).

Solution to last week's crossword.

MARSUPIAL AMISS
E N I M T
DRILL COMPETENT
I E N R R
TRUMAN GLAD ARE
E R I A T A
RODENT'S GARDENS
R E I H E U
AMENDED TIPSTER
N R E U E
EWE GRIP ABLEST
A W A S L R
NIMBLISTS DIAHO
O E U C V
DINAR EXCESSIVE



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- This recent trading place can be a card game, a close-fitting overcoat, or a town noted for horse races (9).
- In thou French steamship Lesley struggles (7).
- Decorations or designate the Northern Territory (10).
- Refuse a physician for example (4).
- An eastern country in help returned (5).
- Of coarse hair of wool with a legislator inside (5).
- Stronghold comes for a meal (4).
- Fed the King inside-cooked in fat (5).
- A marsh and this French barrier (3).
- To be taken for granted (8).
- Do people make a gift (3).
- Hopelessness of the French twosome (7).
- Leaving over disturbed mud (4).
- Dares five hundred with slightly mixed rust (5).
- The lady is a palindrome (5).
- Italian province, and port on the Adriatic (4).

Miss Strawberry and the Sergeant

Continued from page 46

THE Sergeant heaved a deep sigh of very real regret, and kept on driving. "Come in," Mr. Rees said when Miss Shrewsbury knocked next morning. The time was just past nine, and Mr. Rees, looking up, merely pointed to the rough draft of Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation awaiting typing.

But Miss Shrewsbury ignored the draft. She sat.

She was not expected to sit. Mr. Rees put down the pencil. "Yes?" he said, staring fixedly across the desk. Miss Shrewsbury returned his stare with complete composure.

Her voice was surprisingly crisp. "Let us not fence with each other, Mr. Rees," she said. She sat straight but without tension. Her eyes were bright. Her hair, Mr. Rees observed in spite of himself, was immaculately piled in some new arrangement that made her look years younger. She threw a bomb at him.

"You urgently desire to sack me, don't you, Mr. Rees?" she said, with the touch of quaint British slang she sometimes allowed herself.

Her smile was without rancor. It flashed into the First Secretary's mind that Miss Shrewsbury had, by the old military manoeuvre of unexpected attack, taken command of the situation. He did not like it. Still, what was he expected to say?

Miss Shrewsbury went on quickly: "There's an awkwardness for you, I know, in discharging an old employee, but I think we need not speak of it. I've come to bargain with you."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Rees, astonished. "What, precisely—"

"Precisely this, Mr. Rees. I shall save face. I shall resign. But there is the problem of water."

Problem of water! "I'm afraid I don't understand," he said coldly. "But you do. The public supply is atrocious. Untrustworthy. And since I shall continue to live here, I shall continue to want water. Hence, I'll write my resignation only in exchange for your assurance that Sergeant Forster will continue to deliver embassy well water to my residence."

"Are you joking, Miss Shrewsbury?" Mr. Rees said.

"I have never been more serious



"But, Mr. Ricardi, what did I say?"

in my life, Mr. Rees," Miss Shrewsbury said.

For a moment Mr. Rees weighed the possibility that Miss Shrewsbury had been drinking. But no. Plainly not. It might be, as she said, that she simply wanted water. Mr. Rees shrugged. "The water can be arranged," he said, not very graciously.

"Delivery twice a week."

"You have my assurance," Mr. Rees said impatiently.

"Each Tuesday and each Friday," Miss Shrewsbury stipulated.

"I see no objection," Mr. Rees said.

"At approximately 6 p.m."

Mr. Rees made a note on a pad. "Six exactly."

"I venture to remind you that today is Friday."

"Delivery will be made to-day at 6 p.m., Miss Shrewsbury. I shall personally inform Sergeant Forster."

A few minutes later Miss Shrewsbury put the cover on her typewriter for the last time in the airless cubicle outside the office of the First Secretary. She went down the broad stairway of the embassy, looking neither left nor right, and out through the high arched gateway. The street was tropically warm with direct sunlight, but Miss Shrewsbury walked briskly, head up. She smiled in passing at the pretty bloom of hibiscus on a garden wall, but did not pause. She had shopping to do.

Three tins of caviar—there should be three. And a fresh bottle of whisky, of the celebrated brand. He would, of course, want to see the cat, because he'd brought it to her and had a kind of implied responsibility; yes, there would be the cat to talk about, merely as an introductory topic—something to break the ice. Then, logically, properly (inevitably, even), a man's evening whisky and soda. And—it would all fall into place, she knew it would—dinner on the verandah. Beef?

Sergeant, said Miss Shrewsbury to herself, testing the syllables. She found that she could, without any difficulty at all, invest the title with a large measure of military dignity. Miss Shrewsbury, still smiling, walked on until she reached the shop where caviar was sold in small tins and could be charged.

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JUDY rushed into conversation. "Wasn't it fun? And isn't Tony wonderful?" she gushed—and knew that her voice was only an affected imitation of Midge's.

"Oh? Oh, yes," Bob said. "Wonderful!"

But his own voice was as false as hers had been.

There seemed to be nothing further to say. She wanted to cry with vexation at her failure, but she made her face very bright and gay, as though something far off fascinated her and she kept it this way until Midge and Tony got in the back seat, because Tony hadn't been able to get his father's car.

"Where do we go from here?" Bob asked.

"The Connors," Midge called out, from the back seat. "The big white house halfway up Hill Street." Midge's voice sounded muffled as though Tony was putting his arm round her and drawing her close to him.

Judy sighed, looking at Bob's bored and unresponsive profile. "You turn here," she said, and her voice was as flat and bored and polite as his had been.

They turned and she barely managed to avoid contact with his knee and then she was aware that Midge, too, was sitting upright and alone in one corner of the back seat and Tony in the other. And Midge's voice was a low but vehement whisper, not meant to be overheard—but overheard nevertheless.

"I didn't ask you to help me, but I didn't ask you to make a fool of yourself and me too. Throwing food! What my mother's going to say to me when she gets me alone—and it's all your fault!"

"All right," Tony said. "All right. You've told me off. It happened and it's too late to do anything about it now."

First Star

Continued from page 9

He sounded as angry as Midge did—and he wasn't even bothering to keep his voice down particularly. They were quarrelling, Judy thought. Midge and Tony quarrelling. As though they hated each other.

They crossed the bridge. It was dark by now. She could see a silver sickle of moon behind the trees and stars sprinkled every-which-way across the sky. Now, with the sky so full of stars, it seemed strange to have wished so desperately on the first one.

Patsy Connor was plump and buck-toothed and giggly and her date for the evening was with Pee Wee Thompson, who really was a pee wee and hardly counted as a date at all, because although he was a senior he was younger than the rest of them and always looked dazed and a little out of things. Patsy opened the front door for them with Pee Wee, looking scared as usual, beside her.

"Hi!" Patsy said. "The food's on at the barbecue tables in the back yard." She bounced through the house beside them and led them out to the back yard where Mrs. Connor, who was plump, and Dr. Connor, who was bucktoothed but jolly, were serving from the grid-irons at the barbecue pit.

Nobody had to start a party going at Patsy's, it started itself. Doctor Connor yodelled and Mrs. Connor and Patsy sang in their rich melodious voices and then they were all singing, in the glow of the fire-light. Everybody—everybody except Midge and Tony and Judy and Bob—everybody was obviously having a wonderful time.

Gradually Judy joined in and sang as loudly as the rest and the singing crept along her veins until

almost in spite of herself she was having a good time in a strange quiet way. She looked up and caught Tony's eye and he winked at her across the table, as he had done earlier, but this time his eyes were lonely and sad as a clown's and she wanted to comfort him and tell him that there were other girls in the world besides Midge.

And suddenly he was looking at her as though he had heard her say it: he was looking at her as though there was communication between them; as though for the first time he was seeing Judy—a real Judy whom she hardly knew herself yet—and not just a kid who tagged around after Midge.

She could feel something happening inside her, as though her whole body had begun to glow. As though she were lit up inside. She went on singing, her head tilted at an angle, not quite looking at Tony—but knowing that he was still looking at her with a startled and almost reluctant attention.

Tony was still staring at her, and his eyes looked as though someone had just wakened him from a sound sleep. And Midge was looking at her too—but Judy flushed and turned away from the look in Midge's eyes.

Just the same she didn't feel as guilty as that look in Midge's eyes should have made her feel—and was meant to make her feel. Instead, she felt—triumphant.

She let the knowledge and the new certainty about herself tease her mouth into a slow smile. She got up and as though aimlessly she moved away from the wooden trestle tables, beyond the circle of fire-



"My cousin, from the city, is a writer. She comes up here for her material."

light, towards the darkness of the rose garden.

She was not entirely certain why she was walking alone in this casual floating fashion as though moved by an impulse to view the roses by moonlight. She wasn't entirely certain what she was up to—but she had a pretty good idea.

It gave Judy a queer feeling in her throat to walk, alone, past the stone bench from which whispers came, past shadows that separated and came together after she walked by; past a winding path where feet strolled two by two.

Beyond the rose garden, almost out of earshot of the singing, there was a pond approached by a little rustic bridge. She leaned against the railing.

What if she waited and he didn't come and she missed the others leaving—and Dr. Connor had to send someone out here to drag her back to the party?

She started to turn back. She looked up—and Tony's shadow was

between her and the other side of the bridge.

"Not so fast," Tony said softly, blocking her way. His eyes were laughing softly and his mouth said the words with soft slow laughter, and it was as though his whole body was laughing at the way she turned and wheeled; wanting to run away now, as much as before she had wanted him to follow her here.

"A forfeit," Tony said with that soft sure laughter. "Don't you know, Judy, that if you look at a man like that and then run away, he has the right to demand a forfeit when he catches you?"

He grabbed her wrist lightly, not waiting for an answer. His eyes still smiling that strange smile, he tilted her chin upward.

"Well?" he asked, still smiling, when he finally released her.

She held her knuckles against her lips, where his kiss had been.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh!"

Please turn to page 77

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Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from
the Wendel Special
W to XXXXXOS
Fashion Salon

AN "all-round" favourite this summer will be a crisp sun-suit. I have a particularly attractive one made from imported seersucker in gay florals. They'll whizz through washings... with details you never believe possible at this price... in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60. Write, phone, or call to any of my city or suburban salons to-morrow!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 9, 1950

WITHOUT saying anything else Judy turned and ran past Tony, back towards the safety of the singing. Bob was standing at the entrance to the rose garden.

He said to her woodenly, "Everybody's getting ready to move on."

The Daniel house was the biggest house in town. Viola Daniel was tall, cool, sallow, so smartly dressed she made Midge seem juvenile.

"Hello, kids," she said languidly. "It's buffet in the dining-room, and the place is yours."

In the dining-room there was a long table and a lace cloth and candlesticks, and maybe it was what Viola called languidly "buffet," but it was all so terribly elaborate it was frightening. There was a ham at one end and a big roast at the other, and things in-between that made Judy uncertain because she had never seen them before.

The boys, she saw, were serving the girls, and she stared uncertainly at Tony, wondering if with that kiss he had claimed her as his. But he was politely helping Midge to an unfamiliar-looking something that looked as though it might be a gelatine salad.

After a moment, with the same aloof politeness that Tony had shown, Bob asked if he might help her.

They sat on the grand staircase, the four of them sitting there as though bound together by fate. The more timid ones sat on the gilt chairs listening to the orchestra Viola's father had hired—and the more daring ones disappeared toward the dimness of the library—but the four of them sat upon the stairs and pretended they were having a wonderful time.

Judy's head began to ache. After a while Midge said coldly that she was going to powder her nose, and Judy jumped up and said she thought she'd go, too.

Midge made it clear by her silence in the powder-room that she loathed Judy's company. Judy wasn't at all sure Tony was worth it. Midge finished straightening the seams on her stockings and then, without a word, she went out and let the door slam behind her. Judy, to show that nothing Midge did mattered to her, went on combing her hair for a good long minute.

But when she stepped out on the balcony that led down toward the

First Star

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starway where the four of them had been sitting, she saw that Bob and Tony were alone. Midge hadn't joined them again.

Judy didn't blame Midge; it wasn't much fun sitting beside Bob and Tony the way they were acting. Her own footsteps lagged and then she saw that they were coming up the stairs and hardly knowing why she did it she ducked into the library. Too late she saw that Midge was there, pretending to turn the pages of a book.

Bob and Tony walked past but they didn't glance in. They leaned against the balcony just outside the library door, and you knew from the way they leaned their elbows from on the railing that they had grown tired of waiting for Midge and Judy, and had decided to teach them a lesson.

"Anyway," Tony said, "we're only young once. And speaking of being young, how come the Big Silence between you and Judy? What went wrong, Bob?"

"You should know," Bob said. "I mean, it doesn't matter, but I couldn't help seeing you and Judy on the bridge."

"Oh," Tony sounded as though he might be grinning, uncomfortably. "Oh. I was just—well, the way Midge was acting and all that—" he stopped. "Anyway."

"Not that it matters," Bob's voice was very distinct. "I don't know why I even brought it up. As a matter of fact, Judy means nothing to me, you know. I only asked her because—well, because I didn't want to be left out."

Tony yawned. "Gosh, what a dull party. How soon do you think we'll be moving on?"

Judy stood there, listening to the two boys discussing her and she wanted, quite literally, to die. Quickly. Preferably painlessly but in any case quickly, immediately, and with complete annihilation.

Out of the frozenness she was aware of Midge's arms around her. "Never you mind, Judy. They're horrible, both of them," Midge said, wiping Judy's tears away, her own eyes filled with wrath for her friend's hurt—and gentle, triumphant malice. "Oh, that Tony," Midge said. "What I'll do to him when I get him alone!"

But all that Midge said to Tony

when she got him alone in the car was a little gentle whimper, "I—Oh, Tony!"

Judy sat as far as she could from Bob, who stared ahead into the night.

"End of the line," he said, helping her out at the hall. He sounded relieved. Only this one more place and the evening would be over. But this place would be the worst because their parents would be here, to share the cake and punch and hear the presentation of the award and watch them dancing.

Everybody could guess that Bob danced with her only because he had to; and once or twice she thought she saw her mother glance curiously in her direction with that anxious look mothers get when they want to fix things up for you and just—can't. But it wasn't too bad. Or else she was too numb to care any more.

At last it was over, and they got into the car once more, and Bob drove silently and didn't suggest taking Midge and Tony home first.

"Good-night," she said politely, through stiff lips. "Thank you for asking me to the party. I—had a nice time."

"You don't have to pretend," His voice was harsh.

"All right! I didn't." Her voice broke in spite of her. "You certainly were right in that editorial when you said that youth wasn't the wonderful time the grown-ups seemed to think it was, but a hateful time, a time of too many choices, too many directions—" She parroted the words, and then her voice faded because he was looking at her very strangely.

"Hey! You really read it, didn't you? I thought when you said you liked it way back when we started out—remember?—well, I thought you were just—you know—feeding me a line."

"Oh, no," she said. "No." She hesitated, feeling suddenly warm and clear and very anxious to be honest with him so that he would know she wasn't feeding him a line. "I liked it," she said.

"You just wait and see the one I'm going to turn out next year," he said. "I bet you'll like that one." He stopped, as though he had said too much, maybe. He thrust out his hand. "Well. It's getting late."

His hand was warm and firm. "Well," she said finally, "I—I guess I'd better go in now, Bob."

He hesitated. "I wish things—well, I'll see you to-morrow."

He made a question out of it somehow. And it was as though he were asking something else of her with that question.

"Good-night," she whispered, smiling. "Good-night now."

Safe within her own door, safe within these familiar walls, she leaned against her own side of the door. She tried to quiet her own loud heart-beat as she listened and knew that he was still standing there on the porch. As though he hoped she might relent and come out again. And after a while she heard his footsteps clatter down the front porch—and they didn't sound as though the evening had bored him and proved a disappointment. They sounded as though he could hardly wait for to-morrow to come.

Maybe, she thought softly, there were as many answers as there were stars in the sky.

Suddenly, for no reason at all, she thought of that eager first star on which she had wished her vague, formless wishes, and she could feel tears stinging gently against her lashes. Though why thinking back to how very, very young she had been at the beginning of this evening should make her want to cry was something she could not quite understand.

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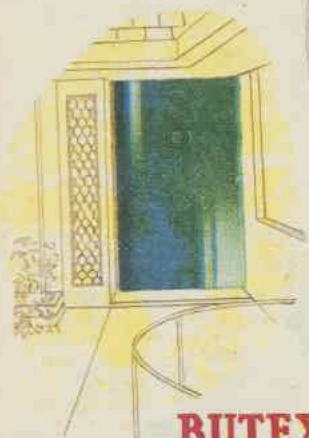
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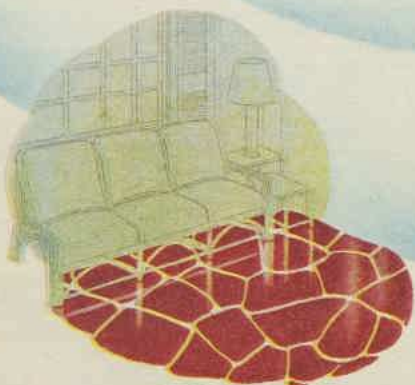
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FAMILY AFFAIRS

Boredom is foe of happiness

Dread of many wives and mothers is that domestic routine will force them into a rut. They feel that the everyday round essential to family life may cramp their interests.

Most of them would be surprised to learn that an actress, the mother of a baby daughter, should suffer from the same dread. From the other side of the footlights nothing seems less likely.

BUT it was this dread that was responsible for bringing Adele Longmire (Mrs. Arthur Franz) to Australia, with her husband, in the cast of "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Arthur Franz plays the leading male role, and Adele is his stage wife.

They have a baby daughter, Melissa, but Mrs. Franz didn't think it would do Melissa any good to have a mother in a rut.

Mrs. Franz makes it quite clear that she realises her way of avoiding such a situation wouldn't suit everyone.

Interviewed by Family Affairs, she said, "I don't consider myself a good example for any woman to model her life on. I tell you I have enough trouble getting along myself, and, anyway, what suits me might not suit anyone else. "But the thing I really do feel strongly about is this getting into a rut. A physical rut, a mental rut, any kind of a rut, I just can't bear."

Because she feels like this she and her husband accepted the booking for Australia in spite of the fact that they were well set up at home, had a baby daughter, Melissa, who would have to come, and in spite of the unsolicited advice of friends, who said they were mad to leave their American connections.

Talking it over with her husband it seemed to Mrs. Franz that they were indeed too well set up at home; in fact, they were in a very comfortable rut.

So they came to Australia, and though they were frozen in Melbourne, and for their first weeks in Sydney were drenched with rain, though they found that the English nannies they had been led to believe abounded in Australia were a wishful myth, they felt they had achieved their purpose. "I think we were lucky. It isn't every day you're offered a trip across the world—and get paid for it," Mrs. Franz laughed.

"It isn't every woman who, when she feels she's being stifled, can go off and buy herself a trip to Fiji, or somewhere. She's got to do something else about it.

"A woman with a house to look after just can't say, 'I'm not going to cook the dinner to-night,' or 'I'm not going to do the washing this week'.

"I haven't always been able to do it myself.

"But when I feel bored I sit down and say to myself, 'Now what books have you read this month? What music have you heard? Who have you seen? What letters have you written? What new thing have you learned?'

"And I make out a list of things I want to do, things I think I ought to do, or things I think might be of new interest.

"It might be just something like reading a book or magazine. It might be going to see some place I've heard about, or to see a new art gallery purchase. Sometimes it's something quite foolish.

"As I do them I cross them off and when I've done them all I start a new list.

"Well, I don't know, it might sound awfully corny to you, but these lists help to crystallise an idea or a thought, and really seem to help getting things done.

"Just written down like that an idea or a wish to do something becomes a plan and something to work from."

Mrs. Franz says the ultimate of her ambition once was to be a great actress; she has thought lately the thing she would most like to do would be to write.

She has already written four plays and one book. None has been published and she says with critical



ACTOR Arthur Franz watches wife, Adele Longmire, write a list of things to do to save her from getting into a rut. Both are in cast of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Mr. Franz is male lead.

humility: "I guess they just weren't good enough. Still, I did get them written.

"Self discipline to me has always been one of the hardest things, but when I was writing the book I used to make myself sit down at the typewriter for four hours every day.

"I wasn't getting anywhere this way, when I met up with Robert Wyllie, who wrote 'Flamingo Road.'

"A professional writer with a family to keep, he had no difficulty about his day by day work, but when he was trying to write his first book he struck trouble.

"He devoted so many hours a day to his book, but wasn't getting anywhere, because he didn't think what he wrote was good enough.

"So he started writing five pages a day—whether the stuff was good or bad, and however long it took. Some days it took two hours, some nine.

"He never did more than the five whether he wanted to or not. He wrote his whole play like that, although he had to re-write a lot of it.

"It's the same principle as my list, putting things on paper seems to crystallise them," Mrs. Franz said.

She feels that the everyday chores can encroach so much as to absorb a whole lifetime.

If a person is happy that way, she thinks, well and good; but so many women like herself feel it is not enough, but often are so deeply in their rut of routine that they either have no time or don't know how to get themselves out.

"Before M'lisse came, I wasn't doing any shows but stayed at home and looked after things myself. By the time I'd done the shopping and the cooking, and fixed up the place, I just didn't seem to get anything else done," Mrs. Franz said.

"And I still wanted to do the other things, so I know it can be like that constantly for thousands of housewives.

"Arthur knew the signs of my unrest and was always saying, 'Got another list, I see.' He'd read them and laugh, so now I write them in shorthand and he can't read them.

"First shorthand one he picked up he pretended to be very alarmed and said, 'Gracious, honey, what's this dreadful looking thing you're going to do now?'

Lives of most people are not interesting in themselves, Mrs. Franz feels, but thinks that a diversity of interests can be introduced into any life.

"I tell you one thing any woman stuck in one place can do: She can sightsee her own city. It's a thing most people never think of doing, though they'll tear round a city they're visiting seeing everything.

"My family used to call me a gipsy. I have an aunt home in New Orleans, and when first I went into the theatre I'd come home after a good season, with a new outfit, and make a splash, and the next time I might have had a bad season and I'd come in quietly by train with a box lunch.

"Aunt used to say, 'I couldn't stand it. I like the pay envelope to come in regular every week.'

"I guess aunt didn't need one of my lists; she was happy the way she was, and perhaps she was lucky to be happy that way."

By MEGAN MACHIN

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!



No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a new silken sheen.

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leaves hair clean—full of sheen

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LIQUID SHAMPOO

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How new magic of Melt'n'Mix makes Copha Cakes so easy

HERE'S AN amazing new way to prepare a cake batter that takes away all the hard work, all the uncertainty. No more difficult "creaming", no complicated instruction. The method is so simple that you just can't go wrong; you turn out a success every time. Try the recipe here for tempting Ginger Cakes — then you'll realise how simple cake-making can be. Use the melt'n'mix method with Copha for all your cakes. You'll find all the recipes you want in the Copha Cook Book.

COPHA MELT'N'MIX GINGER CAKES

2 ozs. Copha
2 ozs. brown sugar
4 ozs. plain flour
1 level dessertspoon
ground ginger
1 level teaspoon
cinnamon or spice

1 dessertspoon
golden syrup
1 level teaspoon
bicarbonate of soda
1 tablespoon milk
1 level teaspoon of salt
1 egg

This quantity makes 1 dozen cakes.

Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the other ingredients (except the soda and half the flour) all in together in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt! Melt the Copha over gentle heat — it should be barely warm, not hot. When melted, pour it over the ingredients in the bowl.

And Mix! Beat for 3 minutes with rotary beater. Add the soda and remaining flour sifted together and beat 1 minute longer. Spoon into paper patty cases or greased patty tins.

And you're ready for baking. Bake in a quick oven (400°F. gas) for 10-12 minutes. Leave them as they come from the oven, or have fun decorating as your fancy pleases.

Melt'n'Mix recipes for all types of cakes in the Copha Cook Book.

The one and only COPHA — sold only in this packet.



100 recipes to win you 1000 compliments

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Says Betty King, Home Economist . . .

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Copha is the all-white, pure vegetable shortening. Use it for cakes, both large and small. For puddings and pies and delectable fries. For scones so light they almost float and cookies crisper than you'd ever imagined possible. For those special dainties, too, that need no cooking at all. The Copha Cook Book will show you how easy Copha cooking really is. Get your copy quickly.

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• Here's a simple family-style menu, good to look at, very good to eat, and prepared from everyday foods. The appeal lies in the manner of serving, the garnishings and trimmings, the flavor, and color combinations. Try it out on your family and see what their reaction is!

Dishes illustrated are tomato juice appetiser, creamed rabbit charlotte, chilled papaw with lemon marshmallow sauce.

rice substitute, 4 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, lemon juice, 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder (according to taste), soft bread-crumbs, 1 or 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Mix flaked fish with rice substitute and spread in bottom of thickly greased ovenware dish. Melt 3 dessertspoons of the butter, add flour and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk (quantity may be reduced by $\frac{1}{2}$ cup and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquor from fish added), season with salt and cayenne pepper. Stir until boiling, cool slightly, then flavor with lemon juice. Pour over fish and rice substitute. Top with soft breadcrumbs, dot with balance of butter. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated, and top lightly browned. Serve garnished with sliced, hard-boiled egg, lemon, and parsley.

DATE AND PEANUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1-3rd cup chopped peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda dissolved in 1 cup milk.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in peanuts and dates, then sifted, dry ingredients alternately with milk and soda. Bake in 6in. or 7in. round or square cake-tin in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, ice with chocolate orange icing.

Chocolate Orange Icing: Sift $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups icing sugar with 1 tablespoon cocoa. Mix to a thick smooth paste with orange juice. Warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Spread over cake, smooth surface with knife dipped in hot water. Decorate with peanuts.

SPICY UPSIDE DOWN PUDDING

Caramel: Two tablespoons butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed fruit, 1 extra teaspoon sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream ingredients for caramel thoroughly together, spread over base of sandwich-tin. Sift flour, salt, and spice. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a medium dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cover with fruit to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of edge, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Moisten edges of dough, roll up, starting to roll from the longest side. Cut into thick slices, and pack into sandwich-tin on top of prepared caramel mixture. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning on to hot serving-dish. Serve with custard.

ALL homemakers are interested in economical dishes prepared from readily obtainable foods.

When such recipes are made appetising and interesting by careful flavoring and attractive serving, the family take a fresh interest in the menu.

It is the homemaker's job to make the best of what is offering, and to turn it into a meal as tempting as the one pictured here.

A little imagination, a little more patience, and a little more time must be exercised, but the results justify the effort.

The "little more time" is hardest to get, but busy as the homemaker may be it's the way her time is used that makes all the difference in the home.

Remember, all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

TOMATO JUICE APPETISER

Two cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, lemon or cucumber slices to garnish.

Combine all ingredients, chill thoroughly until required. Serve in

glasses, garnished with lemon or cucumber slices.

CREAMED RABBIT CHARLOTTE

Slices of stale bread cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs, 1 rabbit (simmered until tender, with 2 bacon bones, thin piece lemon rind, slice of onion), 1 cup cubed cooked carrot, 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon each parboiled red and green pepper, 2 cups white sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, pepper, salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Cut bread into finger-lengths; remove crusts. Dip in beaten egg. Line sides of 6in. square or round cake-tin which has been greased and dusted with browned crumbs. Dice rabbit flesh, mix into white sauce, add carrot, celery, red and green

pepper, onion, and parsley. Season with pepper and salt. Fill into bread-lined tin, top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1 hour. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.

CHILLED PAPAW WITH LEMON MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

Three cups diced papaw, 1 tablespoon sherry or lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, strawberries or raspberries and toasted shredded coconut to decorate.

By OUR FOOD and COOKERY EXPERTS

Prepare papaw, place in a bowl with the sherry. Toss lightly to mix, chill. Divide into 4 serving-dishes. Place marshmallows, hot water, and lemon juice in basin over boiling water. When melted and well mixed, remove from heat and allow to become cold. Whip with rotary beater until thick and creamy, fold in coconut. Spoon over papaw, decorate with toasted shredded coconut and sliced strawberries or raspberries. Chill before serving.

Note.—The lemon marshmallow sauce may be used over any type of tinned or home-cooked or fresh fruit.

FISH KEDGEREE

One tin flaked fish cutlets (drained from liquor), or 2 cups flaked cooked fish (fresh or salted), 1 cup cooked

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no finer food . . .



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"hasn't scratched yet!"



SALMON and mushroom
casseroles could be served
for a special luncheon.

Generous prizes for good recipes

● Pineapple and walnuts flavor
and decorate the delicious cake
which wins main prize of £5 in
this week's recipe contest.

A LITTLE coffee essence added to the
icing of the prize-winning cake gives a
rich touch; excessive sweetness is overcome by
a squeeze of lemon juice.

For a special occasion
luncheon serve salmon and
mushroom casseroles; the mush-
room flavor comes from con-
centrated mushroom soup. If
available a few tiny sautéed
mushrooms may be used as a
garnish.

Remember all spoon measure-
ments are level.

PINEAPPLE AND WALNUT CAKE

Six ounces shortening, 6oz. sugar,
3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz.
chopped walnuts, 4oz. crystallised
pineapple, 8oz. plain flour, 2 tea-
spoons baking powder.

Cream shortening and sugar, add
eggs one at a time, beating well
after each addition. Remove sugar
from pineapple, cut into small pieces,
add to creamed mixture with
nuts. Fold in well-sifted flour and
baking powder alternately with milk.
Fill into well-greased 8in. cake tin
or two bar tins. Bake in moderate
oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F.
electric) 35 to 40 minutes for large
cake and 20 to 25 minutes if cooked
in bar tins. Cool on cake-cooler.
When cold ice with coffee-flavored
butter icing and decorate with nuts
and pineapple pieces.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. R.
Wamsley, Wyong Creek P.O., via
Wyong, N.S.W.

SALMON AND MUSHROOM CASSEOLETTES

One and a half to 2 cups flaked
salmon or cooked fish, 2 cups mush-
room soup, 2 cups soft white bread-
crumbs, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1
teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon
finely chopped parsley, salt, cayenne
pepper, 3 tablespoons grated cheese,
1 teaspoon butter.

Flake fish, remove bones, skin,
etc. Grease large casserole dish or
individual size ramekins or cocottes.
Combine fish, 1 cup of the bread-

crumbs, onion juice, lemon juice,
parsley, salt, cayenne to taste, and
mushroom soup. Fill into casserole
or ramekins. Combine balance of
breadcrumbs with grated cheese and
sprinkle liberally over fish mixture.
Dot with butter. Bake in moderate
oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F.
electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve
 piping hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs.
P. Shaw, Flat 8, 21 Blair Street,
Bondi, N.S.W.

SANDWICH SAVORIES

One desertspoon butter, 1 tea-
spoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons
flour, 1 cup stock or water flavored
with meat extract, 1 cup chopped
cooked chicken or rabbit, 2 table-
spoons chopped cooked tongue, 2
teaspoons chutney, 12 shredded
blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon
chopped parsley, salt, pepper, slices
of day-old bread cut 1in. thick, fat
for frying.

Melt butter in pan, stir in curry
powder and flour, cook 2 to 3 min-
utes. Add stock or water and stir
until mixture boils. Add meats,
chutney, almonds, parsley, salt
and pepper, and mix well. Sim-
mer 5 minutes. Cut bread into 1in.
rounds with pastry-cutter and fry
until golden brown in deep fuming
fat, turning frequently for even
browning. Drain on kitchen paper.
Join two together with meat mix-
ture or pile 1 desertspoonful of
mixture on top of each crouton.
Heat thoroughly in moderate oven
and serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs.
F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy
Line, Qld.

HONEYED CITRUS PIE

One 8in. or 9in. shortcrust or
biscuit pastry case, 1 cup honey, 1
lemon, 1 orange, 3 tablespoons corn-
flour, 1 cup boiling water, 2 egg-
yolks, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons
butter, extra 2 tablespoons honey

THE COMBINED flavors make
this fine-textured pineapple and
walnut cake the £5 prizewinner.

and 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
for meringue.

Bake pastry case in hot oven (425-
deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 15
to 20 minutes until lightly browned.
Mix honey with grated rind and
juice of lemon and orange. Blend
cornflour with water and stir into
honey mixture. Stir and cook
gently until mixture boils and
thickens. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes,
add butter and beaten egg-yolks.
Fill into cooled pie shell. Beat egg-
whites until stiff and frothy,
gradually add extra honey, then
grated lemon rind. Beat until very
stiff, pile roughly on top of filling.
Return to very moderate oven until
meringue is set and lightly browned.
Serve hot or cold, with or without
cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs.
M. Kavanagh, Mt. Burr, S.A.

PORK AND APPLE ROLL

One pound pork sausages, 1 med-
ium sized onion, 1 large cooking
apple, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs,
1 tablespoon chutney (optional), salt
and pepper, 1 egg-yolk, brown
breadcrumbs.

Remove skins from sausages, add
finely chopped onion, finely diced,
peeled and cored apple, soft crumbs,
chutney, and salt and pepper to
taste. Bind together with beaten
egg-yolk. Mould into oval shape
and coat liberally with brown bread-
crumbs. Place on greased baking
dish and bake in moderate oven
(350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric)
1 1/2 to 1 hour. Reduce heat to 300deg.
F. gas, 350deg. F. electric after first
half hour of cooking time. Serve
hot cut in thick slices, with baked
potatoes, apple slices, and pumpkin
green vegetables, and brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs.
L. Gregory, 152 Faraday Street,
Carlton, Vic.



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"CROWN"

combines beauty
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C1750

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... a 3-cup suspension fitting also available as a 2-cup or 5-cup suspension fitting and a single cup bracket.



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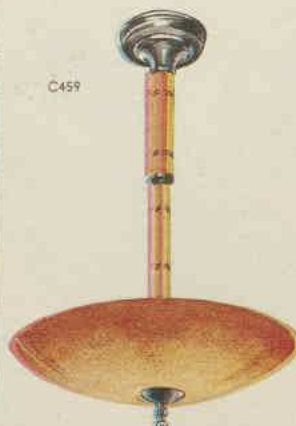
C251/55614CB

... an enclosed suspension fitting ... similar fittings also available in varying shapes and decorations.



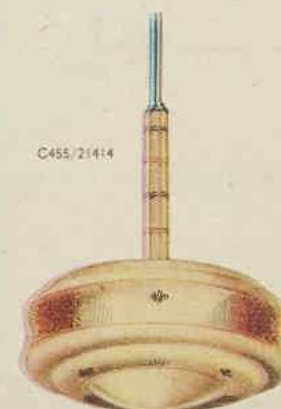
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... a 3-cup suspension fitting also available as a 2-cup suspension fitting and a single cup bracket.



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... the convex suspension fitting ... also available in other pastel colours in two diameters, four lengths of suspension rod.



C455/21414

... an indirect, hand-decorated suspension fitting ... many other fittings available in a range of shapes and decorations.

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The last (which is the form duplicating the child's foot), that fits one child properly, may be incorrect for another... some children's feet are proportionately longer, broader or slimmer than others. Every store that sells Edwards shoes knows how to choose the proper last and the shoe that fits your child's foot exactly. That perfectly fitting Edwards shoe will allow for growth... and last TWICE as long.



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— A neat, sturdy derby for the very young. In black or tan. Fractional fittings, B, C, D and E. Sizes 3½ to 10½.

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Punched toe cap. Tough and sturdy for school wear. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/E—sizes 11 to 1½, 2 to 3, 3½ to 6, 6½ to 10.



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(Punched toe cap). A smart little shoe for schoolgirls. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/E—sizes 11-11, 2-3, 3½-6, 6½-10.



EDWARDS WALL TOE DERBY

Another long-wearing school shoe. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/C sizes. AA—5½ to 10; A—5½ to 10; B—4 to 9; C—4 to 8.



The perfect fitting last is straight along the inside, rounded at the toes. This allows the foot to grow naturally.



The shoe is cut high on the inside, low on the outside. This gives the ankle firm support.



An extra pair of eyelets is built into the instep to stop the foot sliding forward and using up growing room.

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VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minter's home at Pymble, N.S.W., taken at the foot of the steps leading up to the front door, shows Spanish treatment of terrace wall. This terrace runs full length of lounge.

House on three levels

STANDING well back from Hope Street, Pymble, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minter's home, which is built on three levels, has some Spanish characteristics.

On the ground floor is a spacious entrance hall, dining-room, lounge, sunroom, and a most attractively planned sunny kitchen.

The master bedroom, with tall

windows and wide doors opening on to a Spanish-style balcony, is on the first floor, and from this extensive views are obtained. The main bathroom and guest room are on this floor too.

Small sons, Robert and Andrew, have their quarters on the third level. This rear section facing north and north-east catches winter sun and summer's cooling nor'easters.

Mrs. Minter planned the color schemes, selected all furnishings, and



STAIRCASE leads up to upper levels from entrance hall. Notice attractive wall "cut-out." Pink peach blossom gives colorful accent, repeated in the azuleos in the vase above.



GLIMPSE of the Minters' home showing Spanish-style balcony, on to which main doors of bedroom open. Rock-banked garden forms margin of curving pathway which leads to entrance porch.

supervised the artistic arrangement herself. She also made many of the lovely accessories, including a tapestry inset for an occasional cedar table and fire-screen, and covers for dressing-table stool and footstool.

The crisp, beruffled organdie curtains on the wide, deep windows of the nursery not only serve as decoration but filter the harsh light of the summer sun.

Perhaps the loveliest room in the house is the main bedroom. Mrs. Minter had walls, ceiling, and woodwork painted softest pink. For the floor she chose sage-green wall-to-wall carpet and off-white chintz drapes and bedspread splashed with floral motifs in muted greens, pinks, and blues. Voluminous floor-length curtains are off-white, and chairs and lamp-shades are in softest pink. A big green velvet bow decorates the shade of the bedside table lamp.

Spacious effect

ENTRANCE hall opens directly with massive glass doors into the dining-room, which is furnished in beautiful mahogany with regency-striped window drapes and chair seats. A small dainty crystal chandelier is in keeping with the room.

To the left of the entrance hall wide glass doors open into the lounge, which has creamy walls and ceiling, and a mushroom carpet, harmonising with dining-room and entrance hall.

Heavy embossed satin mushroom drapes with frothing marquissette cut-

MRS. MINTER (at right) enjoys view from terrace. (Below): Mushroom-room carpet matches embossed satin pelmet and drapes in lounge.

tains lend additional charm to this spacious-looking room.

Small wall lights have miniature shades in pink. The suite is upholstered in pastel flowered linen.

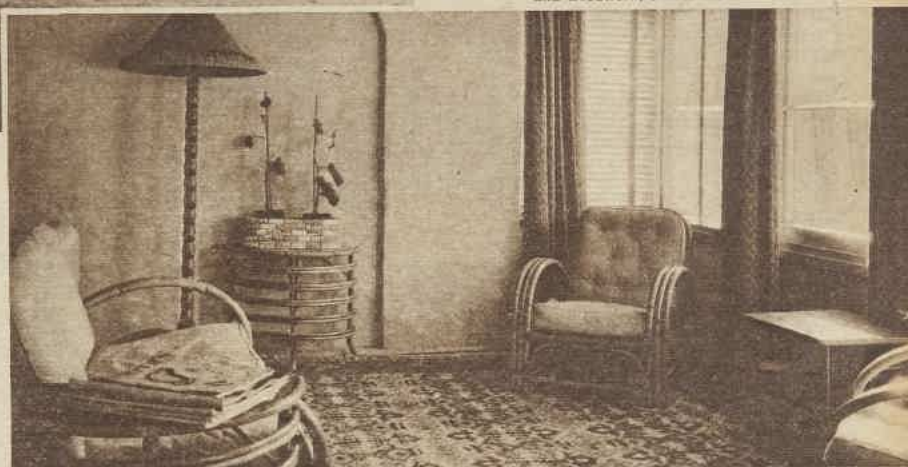
Domed and softly curtained recesses on either side of fireplace hold silver and bric-a-brac.

Wide doors leading on to the terrace, as picture below shows, add to its liveability and entertainment possibilities, more especially in the warmer months of the year.—Eve Gye.

The Australian Women's Weekly, September 6, 1936—Page 60



NURSERY CORNER. A window in the children's rooms showing curtain treatment. Many windowed, these rooms have soft green walls, off-white ceiling and woodwork, chintz covers.



SUNROOM has apple-green painted walls, darker green in patterned carpet and curtains. Bamboo furniture is cushioned with sunny yellow canvas. Twin pot-plants stand in unusual miniature brick trough.



MAIN BEDROOM (seen above and below) has pale pink walls and ceiling, echoed in lamp-shades standing on old cedar dressing-table. Attractive chintz makes bedspread and floor-length window drapes.





SCREEN BEHIND PIANO: To get the best sound from an upright piano place it at right angles to the wall. A screen can be used to form a background for the piano, but it should be tall and impressive enough to hold its own against the bulk of the piano.

SCREEN REVIVAL

● A revival of screens for use in big homes, little homes, flats, and single rooms can be turned to good effect to carry out decorative schemes, whether modern or period in character.

USES of screens are many. They prevent draughts, they shield from the sun, and they make sheltered nooks, almost extra rooms, of suitable corners.

Photographic studies of scenes, color prints, flower pieces, gay patchworks of material—or even wallpaper—mounted in plywood fill the leaves with colorful effect.

Signed photographs of stage, musical, or other personalities convert a screen into a miniature gallery which is a great source of interest to the owner and to visitors to the home.

Each panel of the screen is first covered with coarse, ivory-toned wallpaper, and the photographs are glued down, some at angles, the ivory background acting as a mount.

In America stores are showing screens made of rigid panels, usually three or more, joined by hinges, which are capable of dividing small rooms.

Interesting materials for covering them are also displayed.

Some of the screens are made

like panel doors, and stand zigzag fashion, the panels filled in with some sort of opaque material.

Others are made of strips, either flat ones, dowels, or bumboos, laced together with string, yarn, or leather. They are made so that they form curves and are particularly attractive.

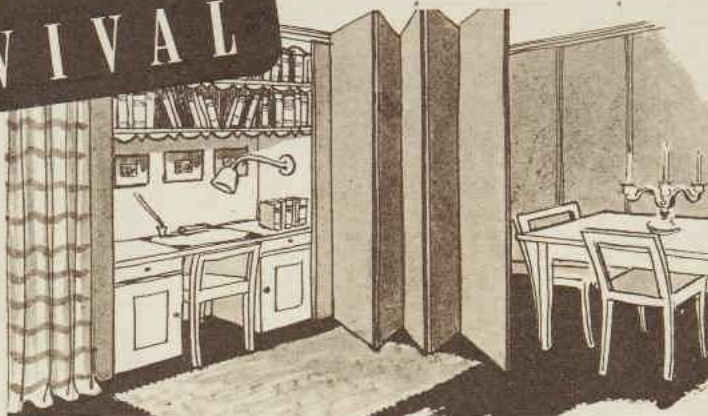
Basic points about a screen are that it must be tall enough and wide enough for the purpose for which it is used.

Width important

A FOLDING screen with tall, narrow panels, and enough of them to give you all the width you require, is preferable to a short, stubby one that has to be stretched nearly straight to spread it across the area it occupies.

Diagrams given below will help

STUDY alcove
In many homes children are forced to study in the dining or living room. Picture shows how corner or alcove could be screened off to aid concentration.

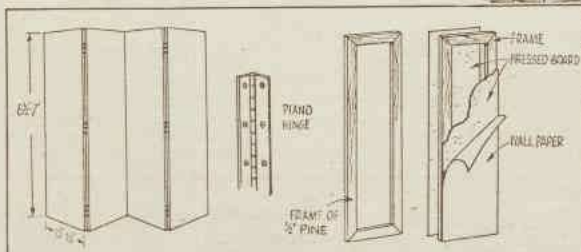


in the making of a simple four panel screen, using stubb or piano hinges to join the completed panels.

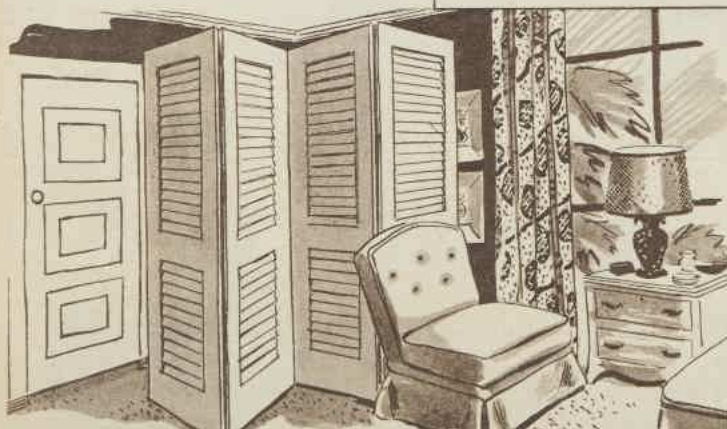
First of all, make frames from 1/2 in. thick pine, each being about 6 1/2 feet to 7 feet in length, and 15 inches to 18 inches in width.

On both sides of wooden frame, apply sheets of any suitably stiff material, 1/2 in. or 3/4 in. thick. Then cover with wallpaper—different patterns on each side, if you wish. But continue wallpaper round the ends of each panel.

DIAGRAMS (right) show how a screen could be made by handyman. See story for further details of construction.



MAINLY DECORATIVE: This screen serves two purposes. Placed behind divan it breaks up a long wall, provides strong color accent used with modern decor.



HALLWAY SCREENS: To create semblance of hall in house or flat where entrance door opens directly into living-room or bed-sitting-room.



WINTERTIME SCREEN: A decorative screen like this can be used to act as a noise barrier or as a protection against draught from door or window, or to reflect heat of fire.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 429.—SUN FROCK AND BOLERO

An attractive style, with full skirt and smart bodice line; a matching bolero adds charm. It is cut out ready to make in rayon spun linen in white, lemon, sage-blue, red, royal-blue, and green. Motifs are traced ready to embroider. Sizes: Bust 32-34in. (sun frock) 1/11, (bolero) 1/4. Bust 36-38in. (sun frock) 1/3, (bolero) 1/5. Postage: (sun frock) 1/8, (bolero) 1/2.

No. 430.—HANDKERCHIEF SACHET

A pretty sachet to quilt, cut out ready to make in white, pink, or blue satin. The design is traced on white cotton. Price, 5/3; postage, 4/5d.

No. 431.—DUCHESS SET

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and on sheer linen or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green. The centre oval measures 11in. x 17in. and the small oval 8in. x 8in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices for complete set: Linen, 7/8; postage, 10/5d. Organdie, 4/11; postage, 4/5d.

No. 432.—THREE FEEDERS

Traced ready to embroider on good British towelling with a pastel border. They measure 11in. x 11in. Bias binding to finish not supplied. Price: 9d each, postage 3/5d. set of three 2/-. Postage 4/5d.

No. 433.—WAIST BLOUSE

Smart blouse cut out ready to make in good quality cotton striped haincord in pink and white, sage-blue and white, green and white, red and white. Prices: Bust 32-34in. 13/2; postage, 1/3. Bust 36-38in. 15/6; postage, 1/3.

When ordering Needlework Notions please make second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6136.—Cool summer frock featuring the new short sleeve and pointed collar. Sizes 12 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Special pattern, price 1/2.

F6071.—Practical and tailored-looking men's trunk. Sizes 34, M, and O.S. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6024.—One-piece swim-suit with fluttering and well-fitting top and halter neckline. Sizes 12 to 36in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F6138.—Lovely frock with bertha neckline can be long or short for day or evening. Sizes 12 to 36in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material for floor length or 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material for short length. Price, 2/8.

F6137.—Full-skirted frock featuring important sleeves. Sizes 12 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6139.—One-piece swim-suit with single shoulder-strap. Sizes 12 to 36in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 27.

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a matter
of
Chance



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